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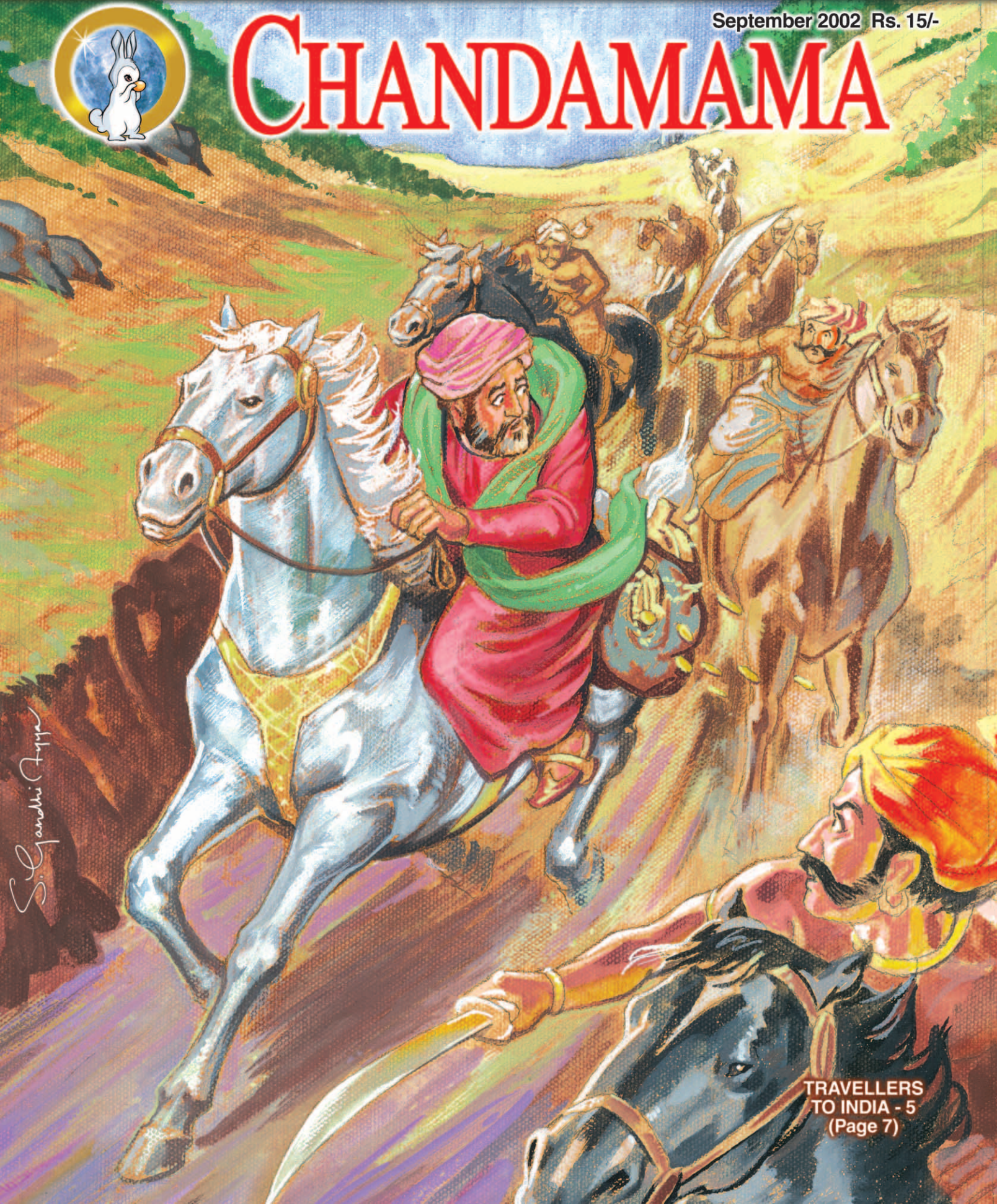
JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA

AN 8-PAGE STORY-CUM-ACTIVITY PULLOUT



September 2002 Rs. 15/-

# CHANDAMAMA



S. Gandhi (Tyrer)

TRAVELLERS  
TO INDIA - 5  
(Page 7)





Chintu is being bathed by mummy with an ordinary soap. He is wailing in anger.

I don't know why he cries every time I bathe him. I use only luke warm water.



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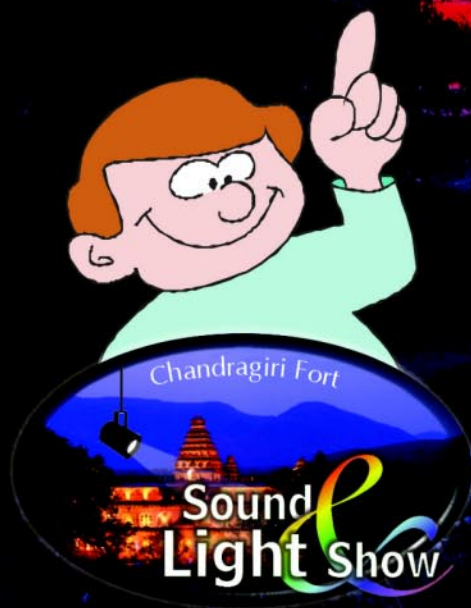


# Chandragiri Fort

– near Tirupati

The Vijayanagar Empire that extended over large tracts of Telugu and Kannada speaking areas for well over three centuries was a glorious epoch.

The Kings of Vijayanagar were known as Rayas. People referred to them with great respect as Rayalavaru in the plural sense eulogizing their greatness. Great patrons of art and culture, they encouraged all forms of fine arts and were responsible for enriching Telugu literature.



The rise and fall of the Vijayanagar empire is depicted through an impressive 'Son-et-Lumiere' (Sound and Light show) at Chandragiri, the last capital of the Vijayanagar kings, on the banks of the Swarnamukhi river, 12 km from Tirupati.

Chandragiri's Son-et-Lumiere with Amitabh Bachchan's booming voice narrating the saga is a must-see for all interested in the history and tales of valour of South India, of which the Vijayanagar empire was the largest. The Andhra Pradesh Tourism Development Corporation has created this exciting and yet educational show, a viewing of which is not to be missed by children and their families.



In fact, the Rayalaseema region of Andhra Pradesh is so named after them the land of the Rayas. It was also fondly called 'Ratnalaseema' the land of gems. Krishna Deva Raya was among the most powerful and magnanimous of the Vijayanagar rulers.

The Vijayanagar Kingdom came into existence when the hold of Muhammad-Bin-Tughlaq over the Deccan Plateau weakened. Three dynasties ruled the Vijayanagar Kingdom, the last of them being the Taluva clan. Krishna Deva Raya (1509-1530) took over the region between the Krishna and Tungabhadra rivers and marched against rulers of the East Coast and Orissa.

Chandragiri Fort is almost in ruins today but the palaces within it Rani Mahal and Raja Mahal have been given a facelift and illuminated by Andhra Pradesh Tourism. There are a number of temples within the fort.

An interesting historical fact is that the last of the Vijayanagar Kings signed a treaty with the British, gifting away a strip of land at Chennapatna, later renamed Madras and subsequently Chennai. This land was used by the British to build their Fort St. George, establishing themselves on Indian Shores and paving the way for the British rule in the country through the East Indian Company.

## The Vijayanagar Festival

(Third Friday, Saturday and Sunday of October)



The historic Chandragiri Fort near Tirupati, (where a Sound & Light Show is held daily) stands testimony to the grandeur of the Vijayanagar rulers. This festival coincides with the annual Brahmosavam of the Tirumala temple. The visitors who witness the most reputed musicians and dancers perform embark on a journey into the past.



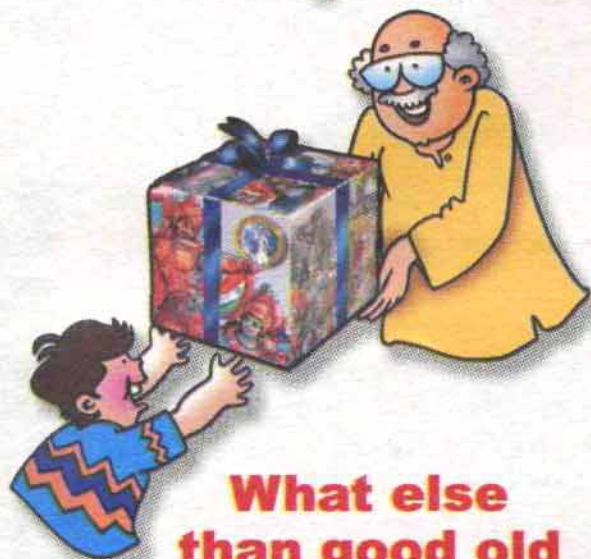
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# No room for violence

Recently we heard the outgoing President, Shri K.R.Narayanan, exhort the people to safeguard religious tolerance. A day later, our new President, Dr.A.P.J.Abdul Kalam, spelt out his vision of a resurgent India which is possible by, among others, a commitment to secularism.

Certainly, they had at the back of their mind the religious intolerance witnessed of late in some parts of the country. It is everybody's knowledge that no religion preaches violence. It is only the power-mongers or fanatics who, for their selfish interests, unleash terror on innocent people. The nation shuddered when followers of one religion massacred some thirty residents of a labour colony professing a different faith. This happened in Jammu.

By a strange coincidence on the very same day, representatives of one of these two faiths, while playing cricket in faraway England put a monumental effort to bring victory to their motherland. Our team was on the verge of collapse at Lord's when Mohammed Kaif and Zaheer Khan joined at the crease to ward off the shame that was staring at their team and to clothe the nation with a memorable victory. At that moment of triumph, the two players would not have remembered that they belong to a particular faith.

It is in this context that we have to see the similarity of thought in the two Presidents. Mr.Narayanan in his farewell address to the nation reminded the people that "tolerance is the soul of our culture and civilisation." Dr.Abdul Kalam, in his inaugural speech soon after the swearing-in-ceremony, characterised secularism as the "cornerstone of our nationhood."

India has reached a stage when there is no room for violence. Everybody should think of only peace and the well-being of others.

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## Travellers to India-5

**I**n the course of his prolific travels across the Muslim world, Abu Abdullah Muhammad Ibn Battuta came to India in 1334.

Battuta was born at Tangier, Morocco, in 1304. When he was 21, he undertook a pilgrimage to Mecca. But his travels extended far beyond Mecca: he travelled at least 120,700 km in over 30 years. He was the only medieval traveller known to have visited every Muslim ruler of his time, from Spain to China, from West Africa to South Russia.

On his return to Morocco, he dictated the *Rihla* or his travel accounts to Ibn Juzay al-Kalbi. He died in 1369.

In 1334, Battuta came to Delhi and signed a contract with Sultan Muhammed bin Tughlaq to serve as a judge. Battuta describes Muhammad Tughlaq as an eccentric. The Sultan was

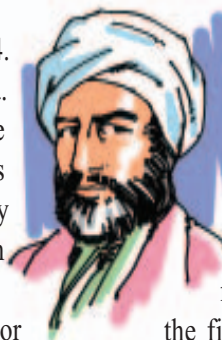
## Ibn Battuta

a brilliant scholar, poet, and a calligrapher. But he was also unfair and rash. He would cruelly punish not only criminals, but anyone who disagreed with him.

In 1341, the Sultan surprised Battuta with an interesting assignment. He wanted to make Battuta his ambassador at the Chinese court. In 1341, Ibn Battuta set out from Delhi with 15 Chinese messengers, a load of gifts to the emperor, and soldiers to guard these.

Outside Delhi, they were attacked twice by armed rebels, but they escaped. But Ibn Battuta got separated from the group. Ten armed horsemen mounted a surprise attack on him and chased him across the fields. He was robbed of all his valuables by dacoits. Finally he found his way to a village, where the people helped him find his men. They boarded a ship at Cambay.

By the time Battuta reached China, he was alone, his men and the gifts having been lost in mishaps on the way!





# India's Vice-President

**A** former Chief Minister of a State is now the Vice-President of India. Shri Bhairon Singh Shekhawat, who was the Chief Minister of Rajasthan for nearly 12 years during three terms, was elected Vice-President in a straight contest against Shri Sushil Kumar Shinde. In an electoral college of 788, comprising Members of both the Lok Sabha and Rajya Sabha, Shri Shekhawat won by a margin of 149 votes.



Shri Shekhawat was born on October 23, 1923 in a village in the Sikar district of Rajasthan. After completing his higher secondary school education, he did not go for further studies and plunged himself into the local politics. Joining the Jan Sangh, he stood for the State Assembly for the first time in 1952 and won the Data Ramgarh seat. In the next elections, he was victorious from Siri Madhopur, in 1957.

Five years later he won the Kishan Pol seat, which he retained in 1967. In 1977, he won from Chabda on a Janata Party ticket. In 1980, he won the same seat on a BJP ticket. In 1985, 1990, and 1993, he won from

Nimbadha, Dholpur, and Bali as a BJP candidate. His popularity all over Rajasthan stood him in good stead when he was chosen Chief Minister in 1977, 1990, and 1993. He held the post for a full term till 1998.

He resisted all temptations to join politics at the national level, and was satisfied with his role as a BJP leader in the State. Once he openly declared that in politics there cannot be any enemies, and befriended the members of the opposition parties while he was in power as well as when he was not holding any posts. It was after much persuasion that he agreed to be nominated by the ruling National Democratic Alliance for the post of Vice-President. Of course, he received the support of most of the Alliance partners.

As Vice-President, Shri Shekhawat will also hold the post of Chairman of the Rajya Sabha.

**On behalf of the millions of its readers, Chandamama conveys its greetings to Vice-President Shri Bhairon Singh Shekhawat and offers him a bouquet of good wishes.**

**By e-mail, from V. Bharath Kumar:**

I am reading *Chandamama* since its new edition. I like it very much. I would like to know if you will accept articles from the readers.



**Reader Saravana Guptha writes from Vijayawada:**

I am glad to find many children going through *Chandamama* which has classical, fantasy, moral tales, and stories. I am preparing for my C.A. and one of my hobbies is reading *Chandamama*. During my school days, *Chandamama* had enhanced my comprehensive reading, understanding, and creative thinking.



**Reader Lalitha Raman Iyer, Thane (East), writes:**


I was not happy when I saw *Chandamama* in the new size. I was seeing the magazine after a gap of four years. The earlier small size was more impressive. It could attract even the elders. However, my thirst for reading *Chandamama* after these years perhaps can be satiated when I read more issues. So, I am taking an annual subscription. I look forward to seeing the "new editions and old quality" for which I am nostalgically longing for.

**This came from reader D.B. Indulkar, Mumbai:**

I am a regular reader of *Chandamama* and very much interested in the feature "Towards Better English."



## THE STRANGE ARTIST



**T**he disturbed hush of the cremation ground was shattered by the frenzied shriek of a ghoul. But King Vikram did not turn a hair. He marched on to the gnarled old tree and snapped off the rope that bound the corpse to the branch. He threw the corpse across his shoulder and began walking back when the Vetala that possessed the corpse spoke.

“O King!” it said. “What has influenced you so deeply that you seek me again and again? Whatever it is, please make sure that whoever has made that kind of impact has good intentions, like the one in the story about King Subhajit of Gouda. Listen to the story, for it might set you thinking about your own action.”

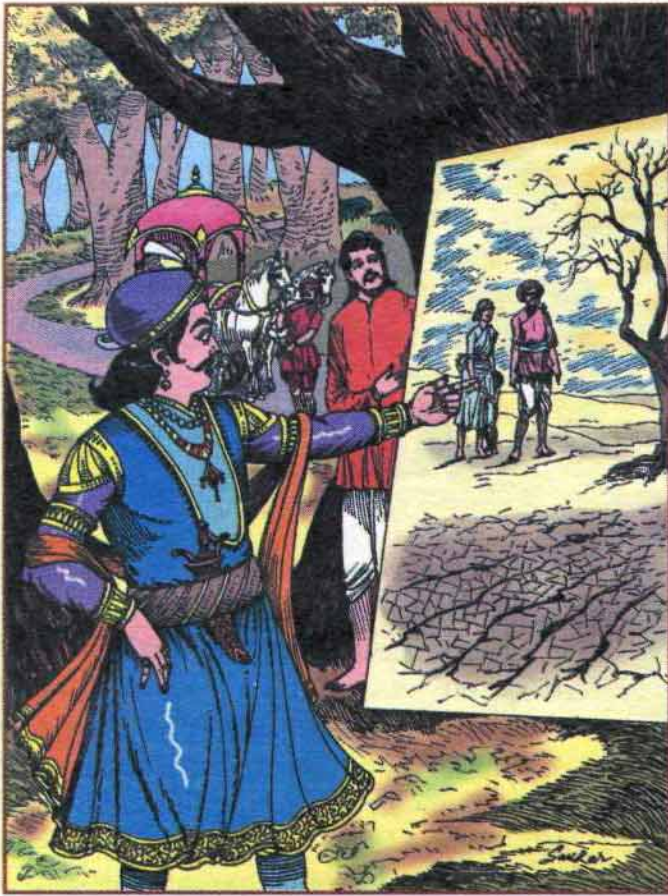
Subhajit, the King of Gouda, was a lover of art. He patronised artists, and was himself a very good artist. Brilliant works of art adorned his palace. He was a worshipper of beauty, and appreciated all art that was beautiful. Under him, artists flourished.

The common people did not mind this fancy of their young king till, one year, the monsoon seemed to have failed. The crops withered and in just six months, the kingdom suffered from famine and drought conditions.

Yet King Subhajit continued to reward artists. He did not appear to be aware that his subjects were suffering. Naturally, they were upset. They presented petitions to him, and even organised meetings to protest his insensitive attitude – all in vain. The king had eyes only for art.

The last straw came when the king announced an art





exhibition. He invited all the famous and up-and-coming artists in the kingdom and outside. He announced that the best work would win for its creator the position of court artist.

The people were shocked. While they struggled for their next sip of water and morsel of food, here was their king spending lavishly on art and artists.

They staged a protest on the streets the day the king travelled to the venue of the exhibition. But the king rode along, cold to the cries and even the anger of his subjects.

"Stop!" they cried. "Listen to us. Art is not important now. You must attend to *our* needs. We've a right to be heard." But the king only seemed disgusted to see the emaciated looking people around him.

"Who are all these ugly people? I've no patience for ugliness! Why are they here?" he shouted.

"There's a famine and the people are suffering," answered his charioteer. "These people look ugly because they are sick and hungry. They want you to help them, your majesty."

"I can't bring down the rain!" said Subhajit, grumpily. "They must wait patiently for it. I shall tell the treasurer

to release some grain from the royal granary. But that's all I can do. Now let's get on with it!" The king's chariot sped past the protesting multitude.

The venue of the exhibition was a sight of opulence. No one could have said this was a famine-hit kingdom. The artists, who stood beside their paintings hanging on the walls, looked elegant in their smart dress.

King Subhajit entered the hall. He was taken round by the prime minister, who introduced him to them. The exhibits were just what he liked to see: breathtaking natural beauty, romantic scenery, dreamy and lovely fairy-like women, courtly life, and portraits of the king and the royal family in different poses.

The king was simply entranced. He had had his fill of beauty and art. He now had the difficult task of selecting the winner. He announced that the name would be declared the next day.

As he left the hall, a tall lean man with glowing eyes jumped in front of him. "My lord," he said, "I request you to take a look at my painting. I wanted to display it in this hall, but your ministers told me that only those artists who had been invited could enter the contest. But my painting is no less than anyone else's." His eyes were a burning red.

Just then the guards began pushing the man out. "How did you get in? Didn't we tell you to go away?" they shouted angrily. But the king stopped them. "Show me your painting," he said.

The man led Subhajit out of the hall. On the road, propped against a tree was a huge painting. It was neither beautiful nor dreamlike. It was different. It showed a different world, a world of pain, suffering, tears and tragedy, aridity and barrenness. It starkly depicted the state of the kingdom just then. And yet the lines were right, the technique perfect, the colours correct.

Subhajit was perplexed and angry. "What nonsense is this?" he shouted. "Where is beauty here? Where is art? This is ugly! Throw this man out!" The king strode to his chariot in a huff. As he got into it, he was much disturbed. To end a day, otherwise filled with beauty, with so much ugliness and pain seemed outrageous.

The king remained disturbed during the return journey. His eyes searched the horizon restlessly for some beauty to soothe him. But there seemed to be none. His eyes then fell on a thin young woman trying to pluck dried up fruits from a tree. She held a baby on her hip, quite naked



except for one end of her tattered sari that covered it. When she reached high for the fruits, the mantle slipped off and the baby started crying.

The king stopped the chariot. He took off his costly shawl and threw it at her. The surprised woman took it gratefully and bowed.

Back in the palace, Subhajit spent a sleepless night. The memory of the strange artist and his ugly painting tormented him.

Next morning, King Subhajit sent for the prime minister. "Search for that strange artist we met as we came out of the exhibition hall yesterday. Bring him here immediately. He shall be the court artist!" he announced to a stunned minister.

The Vetala stopped his narration and asked King Vikram: "Was not King Subhajit inconsistent? He hated ugliness and was upset by the strange artist and his stark painting. And yet he had no hesitation in appointing him the court artist. Did he really deserve the honour? If you know the answers and yet choose to remain silent, your head will split into a thousand pieces!"

Then answered King Vikram. "King Subhajit was not inconsistent. He was open-minded enough to accept that he had made a mistake in believing that art is beauty. He was upset on seeing the strange artist's painting. But it had opened his eyes to the sufferings of his people. The powerful images in it had made such an impact that almost unconsciously he paid attention to the poor woman and her naked child on the road. Remember just that morning, on his way to the exhibition venue, the protests of his subjects had not affected him at all. He realised that the strange painting had made him more sensitive and sympathetic. He also understood that art could not be



divorced from reality. Art is relevant only when it recognises its social responsibility. By drawing attention to the state of affairs in the kingdom, the artist had shown his social commitment. His painting was more powerful than the vapid beauty in the other paintings. He, therefore, deserved to be the court artist."

No sooner had King Vikram given the answer than the Vetala slipped from his shoulder and glided back to the tree.

- By Sumathi. S.





# The Conceited Python

Grandfather kept many pets, but there was one pet which he could not keep for very long. Grandmother was tolerant of some birds and animals, but she drew the line at reptiles. Grandfather should have known that there was little chance of being allowed to keep a python.

One day he paid a snake-charmer in the bazaar just four rupees for a young four feet python that was on display to a crowd of eager boys and girls. Grandfather impressed the gathering by slinging the python over his shoulders and walking home with it.

The first to see them arrive was Toto, the pet monkey, swinging from a branch of the jack-fruit tree. One look at the python, an ancient enemy of his race, and he fled into the house, squealing with fright. The noise brought Grandmother on to the verandah, where she nearly fainted at the sight of the python curled around Grandfather's throat.

"It will strangle you to death!" she cried. "Get rid of it, at once!"

"Nonsense!" said Grandfather. "He's only a young fellow—he'll soon get used to us."

"He might, indeed," said Grandmother, "but I've no intention of getting used to him. And you know your cousin Mabel is coming to stay with us tomorrow. She'll leave the minute she knows there's a snake in the house."

"Well, perhaps we should show it to her as soon as she arrives," said Grandfather, who did not look forward to the visits of relatives any more than I did.

"You'll do no such thing," said Grandmother.

"Well, I can't let it loose in the garden. It might find its way into the poultry house and, then, where would we be?"

"Oh, how irritating you are!" grumbled Grandmother. "Lock the thing in the bathroom, then go out and find the man you bought it from, and get him to come here and collect it."

And so, in my awestruck presence, Grandfather took the python into the bathroom and placed it in the tub. After closing the door on it, he gave me a sad look.

"Perhaps Grandmother is right this time," he said. "After all we don't want the snake to get hold of Toto. And it's sure to be very hungry."

He hurried off to the bazaar to look for the snake-charmer, and was gone for about two hours, while Grandmother paced up and down the verandah. When Grandfather returned, looking crestfallen, we knew he had not been able to find the snake-charmer.

"Well, then, please take it away yourself," said Grandmother. "Leave it in the jungle across the river-bed."

"All right, but let me feed it first," said Grandfather. He produced a plucked chicken (in those days you could get a chicken for less than a rupee), and went into the bathroom followed, in single file, by myself, Grandmother, the cook, and the gardener.

Grandfather opened the door and stepped into the room. I peeped round his legs, while the others stayed well behind. We could not see the python anywhere!

"He has gone!" announced Grandfather.

"He couldn't have gone far," said Grandmother. "Look under the tub."

We looked under the tub, but the python was not there. Then Grandfather went to the window. "We had left it open," he said. "He must have gone this way."

A careful search was made





of the house, the kitchen, the garden, the stable and the poultry shed; but the python could not be found anywhere.

"He must have gone over the garden wall," said Grandfather. "He'll be well away by now."

"I certainly hope so," said Grandmother, with a look of relief.

Aunt Mabel arrived the next day for a three week visit, and for a couple of days Grandfather and I were a little worried in case the python made a sudden appearance; on the third day, when he did not show up, we felt sure that he had gone for good.

And then, towards evening, we were startled by a scream from the garden. Seconds later Aunt Mabel came flying up the verandah steps, looking as though she had seen the devil himself.

"On the guava tree!" she gasped. "I was reaching for a guava when I saw it staring at me. The look in its eyes! As though it would eat me alive..."

"Calm down, my dear," urged Grandmother, sprinkling eau-de-cologne over my aunt. "Tell us, what did you see?"

"A snake!" sobbed Aunt Mabel. "A great boa constrictor. It must be twenty feet long! On the guava tree. Its eyes were terrible. And it looked at me in such a queer way..."

My grandparents exchanged glances, and Grandfather said: "I'll go out and kill it." Taking hold of an umbrella, he sallied forth into the garden. But when he got to the guava tree, the python had gone.

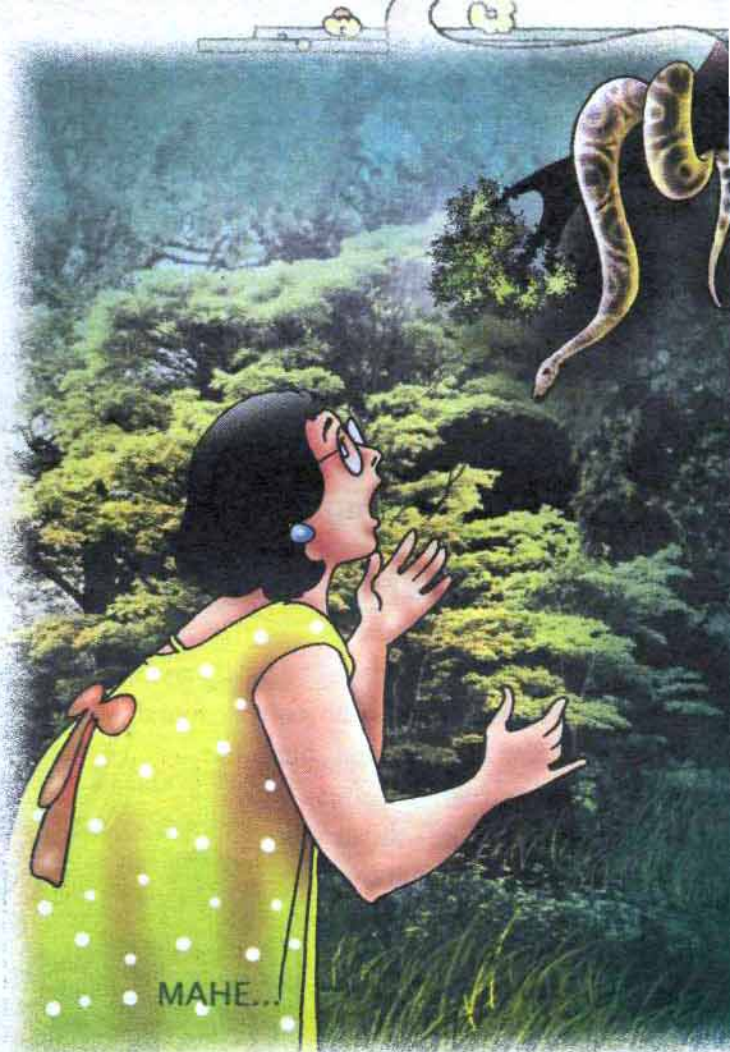
"Aunt Mabel must have frightened it away," I said.

"Hush," said Grandfather. "We mustn't speak of your aunt that way." But his eyes were alive with laughter.

After this incident, the python began to make a number of appearances, always in the most unexpected of places. Aunt Mabel had another fit when she saw him emerge from beneath a cushion. She packed her bags and left.

The hunt continued.

One morning I saw the python curled up on the dressing-table, gazing at his own reflection in the mirror. I went to fetch Grandfather, but by the time we returned to the room, the python had moved on. He was seen in the garden, and once the cook saw him crawling up the



iron ladder to the roof. Then we found him on the dressing-table a second time, admiring himself in the mirror. Evidently he was fascinated by his own reflection.

"All the attention he's getting has probably made him conceited," said Grandfather.

"He's trying to look better for Aunt Mabel," I said. (I regretted this remark because Grandmother overheard and held up my pocket money for the rest of the week.)

"Anyway, now we know his weakness," said Grandfather.

"Are you trying to be funny, too?" said Grandmother.

"I didn't mean Aunt Mabel," explained Grandfather.

"The python is becoming vain, so it should be easier to catch him."

Grandfather set about preparing a large cage, with a mirror at one end. In the cage he left a juicy chicken and several other tasty things. The opening was fitted up with a trapdoor.

Aunt Mabel had already left by the time we set up the trap, but we had to go on with the project because



we could not have the python prowling about the house indefinitely. A python's bite is not poisonous, but it can swallow a live monkey, and it can be a risky playmate for a small boy.

For a few days nothing happened; and then, as I was leaving for school one morning, I saw the python in the cage. He had eaten everything left out for him, and was curled up in front of the mirror, with something that resembled a smile on his face—if ever you can imagine a

python smiling. I lowered the trapdoor gently, but the python took no notice of me. Grandfather and the gardener put the cage in a tonga and took it across the river-bed. Opening the trapdoor, they left the cage in the jungle, as they went away, but the python had made no attempt to get out.

"I didn't have the heart to take the mirror away from him," said Grandfather. "It's the first time I've seen a snake fall in love."

**When they were young...**

## Standing up for Truth and Freedom!

The classroom was a hubbub of activity and noise.

When the teacher came into the room, he found the floor littered with peanut shells. He looked around at the mess and ordered irately: "All those who have been eating peanuts, come forward and clean up the mess! Is this how you maintain a classroom?"

Promptly, all the children got into action. That is, all of them save one. The teacher looked at him expectantly. "Do I have to issue a special invitation to you to join the rest of them?" he snapped. The young fellow calmly got up and said, "Sir, I didn't eat any of the peanuts.

So I don't need to pick up the shells, do I?"

Before he could even finish speaking, there was a loud chorus of "That's not true, sir! He, too, ate nuts with us!" But he denied it again, and yet again, as the angry teacher tried to get the boy to do as he commanded. Seeing the boy's adamant denial, the teacher asked him, "Do you mean to say that the whole class is lying and you are the only one telling the truth?" When the boy said yes, the teacher was furious! Snatching up his cane, he gave a few stinging shots on the student's outstretched palm. The boy quietly accepted the punishment, picked up his books, and just as quietly went home. The teacher



and the rest of the class looked on in amazement, as he left.

Later, the teacher made a visit to the boy's home and recounted the whole story to his father. He expressed his anger at the boy's stubborn disobedience, hoping that the father would correct him and admonish him. Instead, the father looked at him for a while and said, "He wasn't lying when he said he hadn't eaten peanuts, sir. My son does not tell lies. Neither does he buy anything from vendors. He didn't eat the peanuts, so there was no need for him to pick up the shells."

The teacher couldn't believe his ears! He just gaped at the father and son, and then hastily took leave.

It requires an immensely strong character to be able to boldly stand for the truth and for what is right. This young boy possessed it even early in his childhood. He stood up for truth. He did not let any pressure shake him. No wonder, then, he made a bold attempt to free his country, India, from British rule with the famous slogan "Swaraj is my birthright and I shall have it!" This young boy became famous as he grew up and his name has gone down in the annals of India's history as Balgangadhar 'Lokmanya' Tilak!





## Ratty tales



Leave your rat traps behind if you're visiting the temple of Karni Devi in Rajasthan. In this temple in the village of Deshnok, rats are revered, fed, and protected. They swarm all over the place and are protected by the local people who believe that rats house human souls temporarily while these souls wait for other bodies to get ready for them.

According to a local legend, Karni Devi was an ascetic in Deshnok hundreds of years ago. She was known for her magical powers. It is said that once, when a young boy had died, she had prayed to God for his life. Her voice seemed to have been heard by God, but the boy could not be revived immediately because a suitable human body was not available. So, he was born as a rat till a human body could be found to house the soul! Since then, rats are dear to the people of Deshnok. The temple of Karni Devi is a happy haven for rats even today.



Did you know that the Nicobarese tribals do not name babies till they are two or three years old, or till they learn to walk?

## Softly spoken



Telugu-speakers will be thrilled to hear this. Their mother tongue is one of just two in the world to display a unique feature, which is that every word in it ends in a vowel. And which is the other language that shares this feature? Italian!

## Magic Mayong

The fish was roasted, cooked in gravy, and brought out to eat.

Imagine the hungry guest's face when he looked into the pot and found the cooked fish swimming merrily in the gravy. This is just one of the many stories told about the deeds of the sorcerers of Mayong, a village in the Nowgong district of Assam. This village was once believed to have been full of dreaded sorcerers. And in the medieval ages, there have been legends which spoke of armies of soldiers disappearing into thin air when sent to attack the kingdom of Assam.



- Compiled by Sumathi S.





STORIES FROM MANY CULTURES

# The Princess's Sacrifice

An Indonesian story

**D**ay breaks over the small barren island of Sumba, one of the Indonesian archipelagoes. The horizon is flushed with the rose red of the sun rising over the sea. Huge frothy waves eagerly rush into the sun-kissed sandy shores, and withdraw as rapidly as they come.

This happens every day, but today is different, very special. Today is the seventh day after the full moon in the month of February.

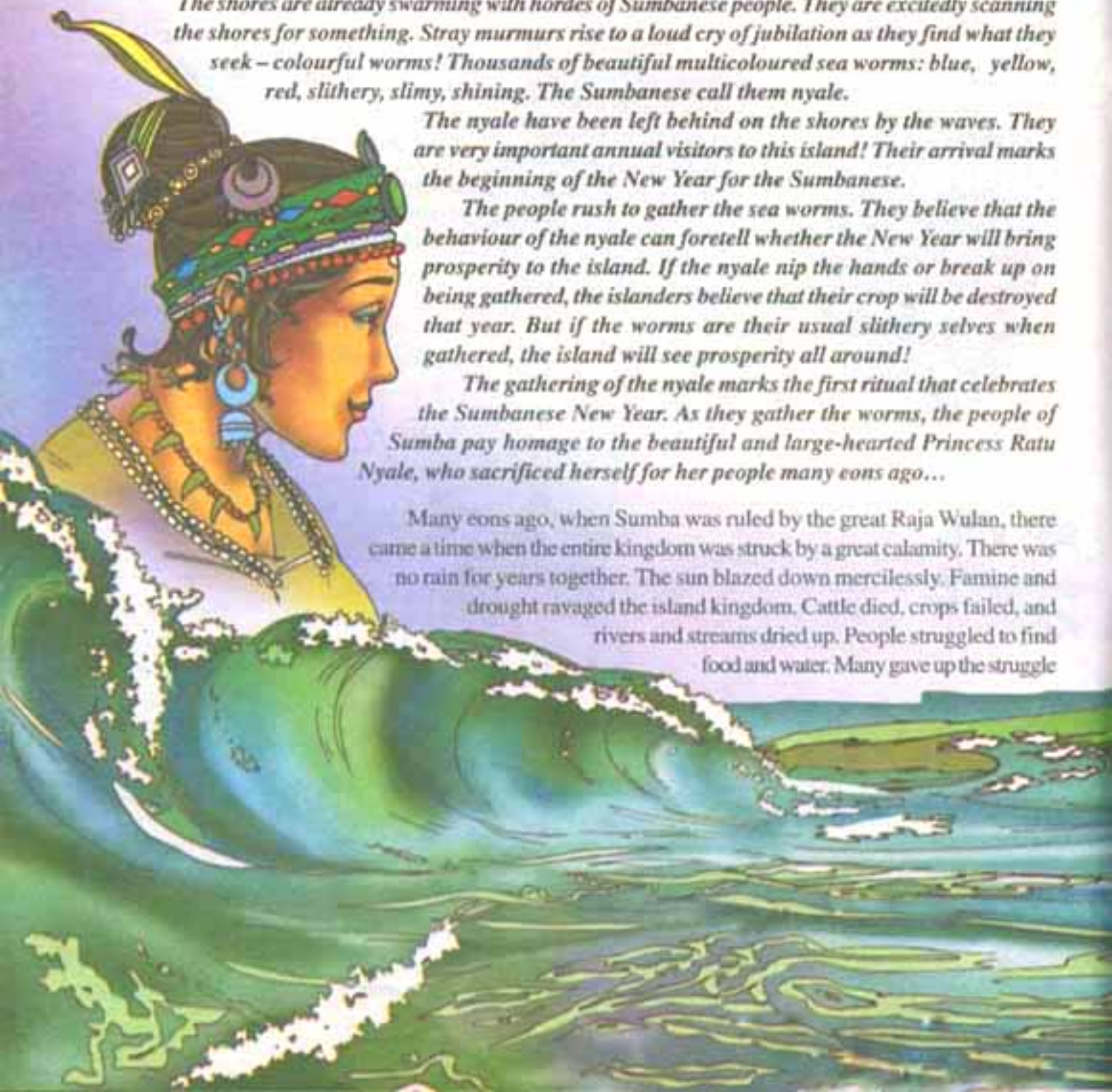
The shores are already swarming with hordes of Sumbanese people. They are excitedly scanning the shores for something. Stray murmurs rise to a loud cry of jubilation as they find what they seek – colourful worms! Thousands of beautiful multicoloured sea worms: blue, yellow, red, slithery, slimy, shining. The Sumbanese call them nyale.

The nyale have been left behind on the shores by the waves. They are very important annual visitors to this island! Their arrival marks the beginning of the New Year for the Sumbanese.

The people rush to gather the sea worms. They believe that the behaviour of the nyale can foretell whether the New Year will bring prosperity to the island. If the nyale nip the hands or break up on being gathered, the islanders believe that their crop will be destroyed that year. But if the worms are their usual slithery selves when gathered, the island will see prosperity all around!

The gathering of the nyale marks the first ritual that celebrates the Sumbanese New Year. As they gather the worms, the people of Sumba pay homage to the beautiful and large-hearted Princess Ratu Nyale, who sacrificed herself for her people many eons ago...

Many eons ago, when Sumba was ruled by the great Raja Wulan, there came a time when the entire kingdom was struck by a great calamity. There was no rain for years together. The sun blazed down mercilessly. Famine and drought ravaged the island kingdom. Cattle died, crops failed, and rivers and streams dried up. People struggled to find food and water. Many gave up the struggle





and died – of starvation, thirst or disease. The people cried to the heavens for mercy, but God would not relent. Raja Wulan did his best to help his people. He distributed the grains in his store and the cattle that belonged to him. But how long could he hope to feed the entire kingdom? His store was now almost empty. And there was still no sign of rain.

The king was perturbed. 'It pains me to see my people suffer. I must do something about this,' he thought. He called his closest advisors and asked them what he could do to help the people. But they were too exhausted even to give suggestions.

"God is angry with us," was all they said again and again. "We must have sinned. We're paying for our sins."

"If God wants to punish us, we must accept it. We can't save ourselves from destruction if God so wills it," said one wise old man, sorrowfully. And they all shook their heads sadly and went away.

But Raja Wulan was not convinced. He spent months brooding and tormenting himself with the problem. His misery upset his beautiful daughter Ratu Nyale, who grew worried that he might soon fall sick with worry. Ratu Nyale was the apple of her father's eye and she too loved him more than anything else on earth. She decided to help him solve the problem.

"Take all my jewels and fine dresses, and buy food for the people with them!" she suggested.

"No, my child," he answered her

gently. "There's no food in Sumba to buy with your jewels. And our people are too tired and sick to go out of this island in search of food. Your jewels will not solve our problem."

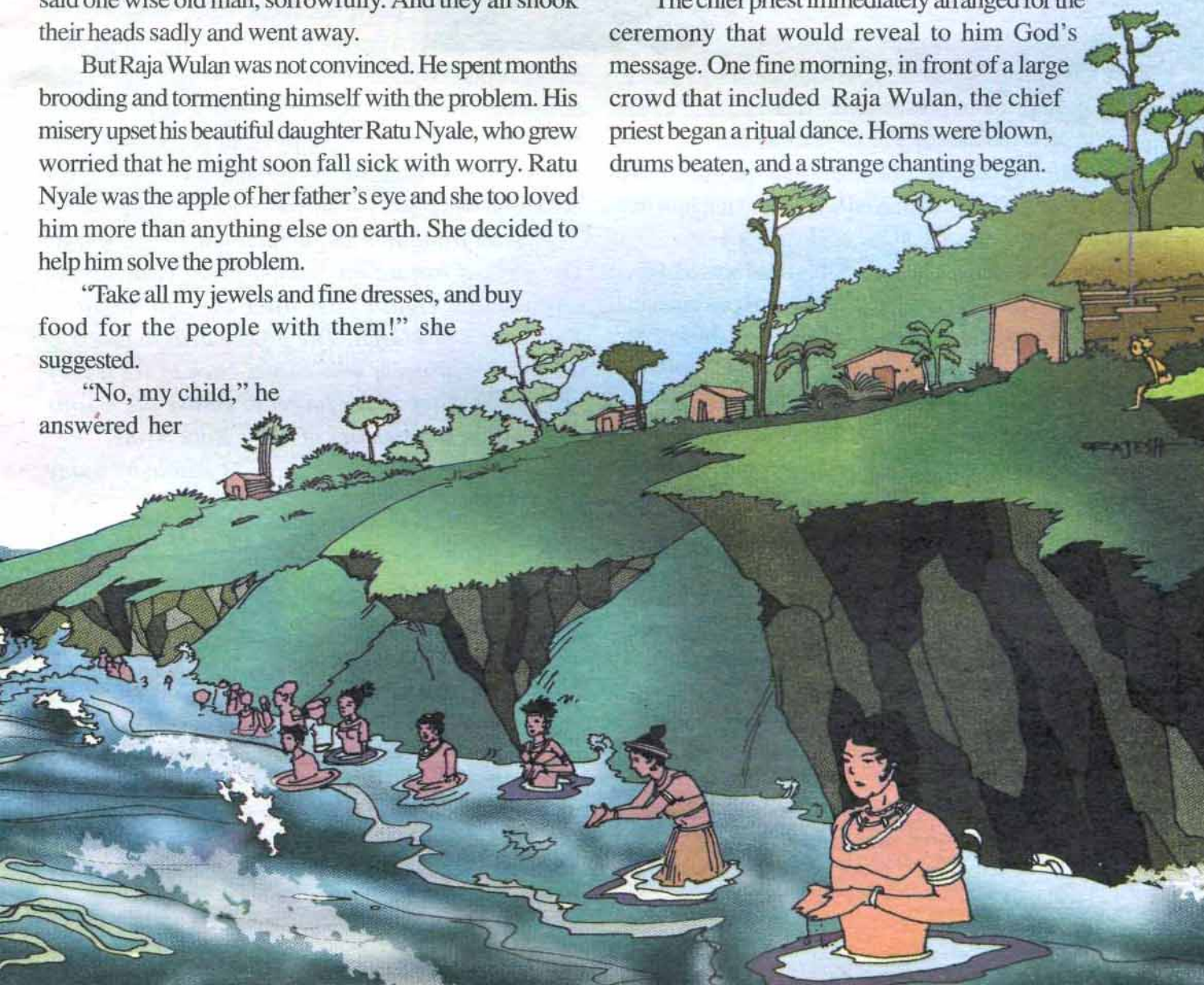
"Why don't you pray to God for help?" asked Nyale.

"But it is God who is angry with us for some reason. It's He who is punishing us now. How can I expect Him to help?" asked her father.

"Let's seek His pardon and ask what penance we may do for our sins. He will surely forgive us," suggested Nyale.

Raja Wulan liked the idea. He summoned the chief priest. "We must find out for what sin we are paying with our lives and those of our sons and daughters," he said. "And also how we may repent for our sins, so that God is once again happy with us."

The chief priest immediately arranged for the ceremony that would reveal to him God's message. One fine morning, in front of a large crowd that included Raja Wulan, the chief priest began a ritual dance. Horns were blown, drums beaten, and a strange chanting began.





The chief priest whirled and swirled, keeping beat with the chanting and the music.

The beat of the music grew faster and faster. The priest still kept step with it. Then the tempo reached a climax. The priest got into a strange passion. He lost all control. He danced in frenzy. When the frenzy rose to a high pitch, he fell forward with a spine-chilling shriek. He was possessed!

In a strange shrill voice, he screamed, "You have sinned, O people of Sumba. You must pay for your sins!" The people drew back in terror. They fell to the ground and hit their heads against it repeatedly. "Have mercy, great god!" they cried. "Pardon us! Save us!"

"There's a way to save yourselves!" shrieked the priest. "To show that you truly repent, your king must sacrifice to me his most precious possession!" Then he fell in a faint and frothed at the mouth. The crowd dispersed silently. What a dilemma! Everyone knew that the king loved his daughter the best of all. And who could tell him that he should sacrifice her?

Raja Wulan left for his palace, his head bowed. How could he sacrifice Nyale, his most prized possession? And yet, was he not responsible for the welfare of his people?

Nyale's friends told her what had happened at the ceremony. She could understand what was passing in her father's mind. She was a noble and brave girl. 'If giving



my life could save so many others, why should I not do it?' she thought.

"Father, sacrifice me to God. I shall gladly die for the sake of our people!" said Nyale.

Raja Wulan was moved to tears. "My daughter!" he cried in a broken voice. "How can I give you up like that?"

But Nyale was insistent and her father had to yield. An auspicious day was chosen for the sacrifice. The people of Sumba went in a ritual procession to the seashore where Nyale was to be thrown into the deep waters. Nyale looked more beautiful than ever. As the chief priest chanted a prayer, Raja Wulan, trembling with

emotion, pushed his daughter into the hungry waters. She disappeared. A voice boomed from the sky: "You are noble, Raja Wulan. I am happy. Your people shall live! And your brave daughter Nyale shall come back to her homeland twice every year. You must honour her!"

*...And from then on, multicoloured sea worms are washed ashore on Sumba every year, on the seventh and eighth days after the full moon in February and March. The people believe that it is their noble princess who comes back to see if they are happy. They never forget to gather the worms and honour the memory of noble Ratu Nyale.*

- Retold by Sumy

## Ineligible bachelors !

In the early 19th century, the British followed some rules of decorum, which might sound quaint or even downright funny today. Take this rule regarding the Chair of Midwifery at Edinburgh, for example. This Chair was the highest position of professorship in the subject of obstetrics, or child birth, in Great Britain. The rule books of the institution stipulated that only married men were eligible for the position. Sir James Simpson, later acknowledged as the father of modern anaesthesia, applied for the post in the late 1830s and was politely turned down because he was a bachelor. But he was not one to give up easily. He immediately dashed off and proposed to Jessie Grindlay, a distant relative, and soon returned triumphantly to the college, bride in tow!





# NEWS FLASH

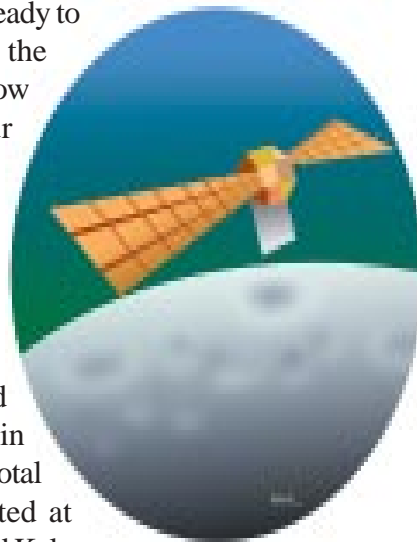
## What's in a name?



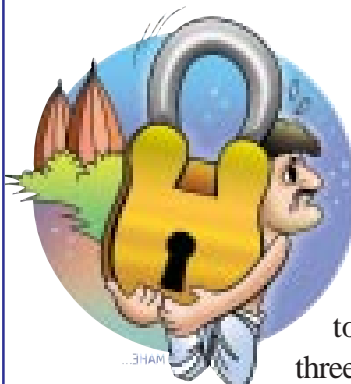
That was asked by Shakespeare. If we were to put the question to the head of the Nambi Madhom family of Quilon in Kerala, he will say that they are only following what has been written down in the ancient palmyrah-leaf manuscripts that have remained with the family for nearly 1,200 years. Well, his name is Bhanu Bhanu; his father was Bhanu Bhanu; so was his grandfather, too; while he has named his own three sons Bhanu Bhanu! When the family gets male progeny for the next three generations, they will all be named Bhanu Bhanu. So, you see, there's everything in a name, isn't there?

## India's mission to moon

In the next five years, India will be ready to send a satellite to moon, according to the Chairman of ISRO, Dr.Kasturirangan. Now that India has already launched four satellites made abroad and the indigenously made PSLV into space, he argues that armed with that kind of advanced technology and capability to put a vehicle into orbit, a mission to moon is not an impossibility any longer. The ISRO scientists have been at the job and the moon landing by an Indian satellite in 2007 is the time-table set for them. The total cost of this project has been estimated at Rs.350 crore. India's Rakesh Sharma and Kalpana Chawla have had their sojourn in space. The day cannot now be far when we will also say we have "our man on the moon."



## Padlock for temple



The Jagannath temple at Puri, which had its annual Rath Yatra in July, has a new padlock for its main gates. The lock is unique: it is 2 ft high and one foot broad and weighs 50 kg. The manufacturing company took three months to make the lock at a cost of Rs.30,000. It has three brass keys as long as 36 cm (nearly 15 inches). For the company, it was not the heaviest lock it has made. That was an 80 kg lock made in 1961 for the World Trade Fair in Delhi.



## Indian woman in North Pole

Forty-six year-old Rachel Thomas, hailing from Kerala, is India's first woman sky-diver to set foot on the North Pole. She made her historic jump in April last. She plunged from 1,000 ft when the temperature was minus 50 degrees Celsius. Till she was picked up, she subsisted on raw fish and reindeer meat. Mrs.Thomas, whose daughter Annie was one-time Miss India, has been sky-diving for nearly 25 years.





Goa, the tiny emerald-coloured State situated on the west coast of India, is a major tourist attraction. At the mention of Goa, the many things that strike us are the breathtaking beaches, the churches, forts, music, dance and unique cuisine.

The history of Goa can be traced back to pre-historic times. It has been mentioned in the Mahabharatha as well as the Harivansha and the Skandapurana.

With its natural harbour, Goa was an ideal base for the seafaring Portuguese to control the spice route. Goa was under Portuguese rule till 1961. Goa remained a Union Territory, till it attained statehood on May 30, 1987.

Situated on the slopes of the Sahyadri Range of the Western Ghats, Goa is surrounded by Maharashtra in the north, Karnataka in the south and east, and by the Arabian Sea on the west.

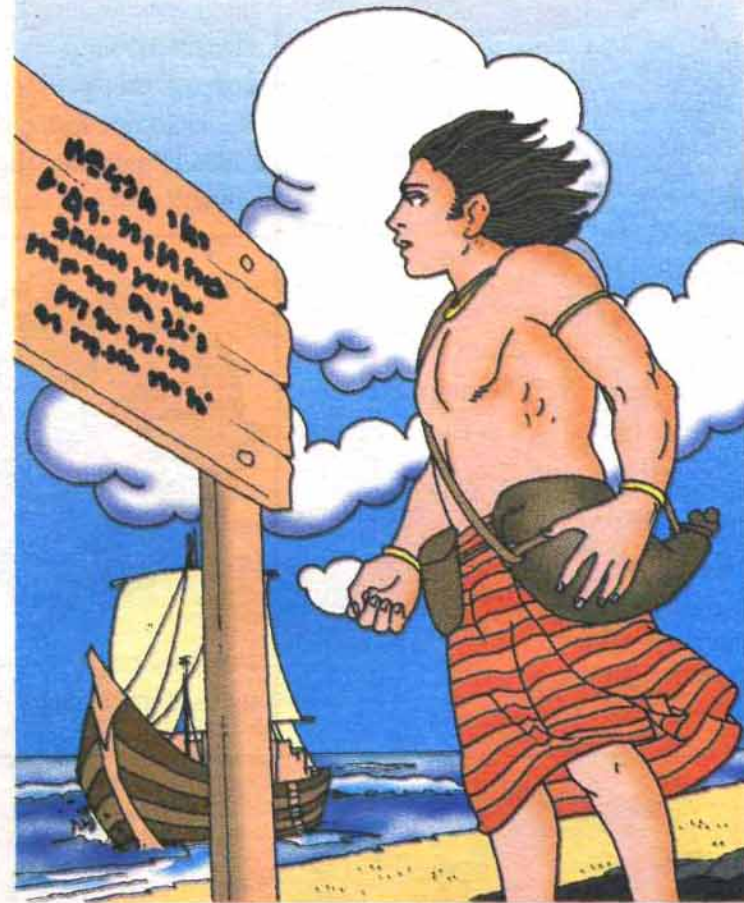
Goa has a population of 1,343,998 spread over an area of 3,702 sq. km. Konkani is the official language. Portuguese, English, and Marathi are also spoken. Panaji or Panjim is the capital of this state.

There are many versions regarding the origin of the name of Goa. It is believed that the Portuguese shortened Gomantachala, Gopakapattana, Govapuri, or Govarashtra to Goa. Gomantachala, meaning the mountain of cows, was probably named after River Gomati, now called Mandovi, the main river of the State.

# The singing lion

Long long ago, there lived a merchant who traded with payes off countries. He had *teen put* and they looked after his business. One day, his first son, Rudresha, set out on a business trip. He went sailing with a shipload of merchandise.

Soon, he reached a beautiful island. On the shore he saw a strange notice. **“Our Princess, Maya, has been missing for the past few months. Anyone who finds her in a week’s time can marry her. Anyone who offers to**



**find her but fails will be arrested, and his property confiscated.”**

Rudresha decided to try his luck. ‘The princess couldn’t have left this small island. I can surely find her,’ he thought.

He went to the palace and told the king, “Your Majesty,



I'm Rudresha, a trader's son. I arrived here only today. I saw the notice near the harbour. I'm confident that I can trace your *dhuvo*. If I fail, you may confiscate my ship and all its cargo."

The king granted him permission to move freely on the island. Rudresha, disguised himself as a beggar, and searched every nook and corner of the island. But he could not find even a trace of the princess. The king's men then confiscated his ship and he was put in prison.

Many *moino* passed. The merchant grew worried when Rudresha did not return. He then asked his second son, Nagesha, to go in search of his brother. "Rudresha might have met with some mishap," he said. "I want you to take another shipload of cargo and sail in the same direction. While doing business, you may also enquire about your brother."

Nagesha set out. Soon he came to the same island and saw the same notice that his brother had seen earlier. He, too, decided to try his luck. He went straight to the king and sought his permission to search for the princess. He disguised himself as an astrologer and went in search of Maya. He went from house to house pretending that he could predict people's future. One week passed, and he could not find the princess. Needless to say he, too, was put in jail and his ship confiscated.

The trader waited and waited for his two sons. When they did not appear, he began preparing to sail out in search of them. However, his youngest son, Mangesha stopped him. He was *uxear* and industrious. "Bapui, you've become old now and you might not withstand the strain of a long journey. Please allow me to go instead," he said. The father agreed.

Mangesha now set sail. Soon he reached the same island and saw the notice on the seashore. He was almost sure that his brothers had been lured by the challenge. "Poor brothers! They must be in jail now," he thought.

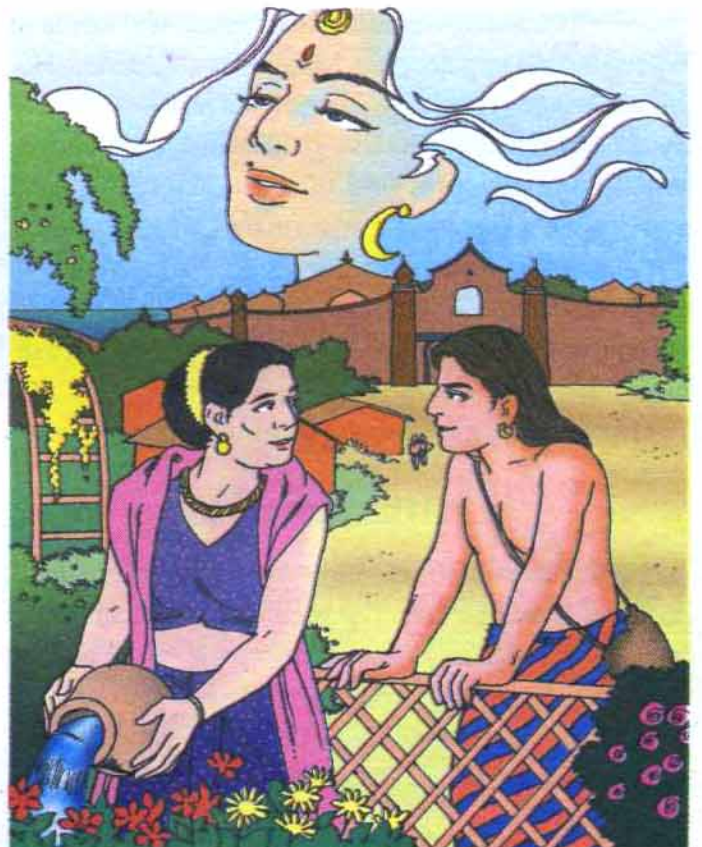


He went into the city and made enquiries about his brothers. But no one seemed to know anything about them. Except for one woman whom he found watering her garden. Her reply was somewhat encouraging. She remarked that he resembled two young men who had gone there earlier in search of the princess. But they had failed and so their ships had been confiscated and they had been thrown into prison.

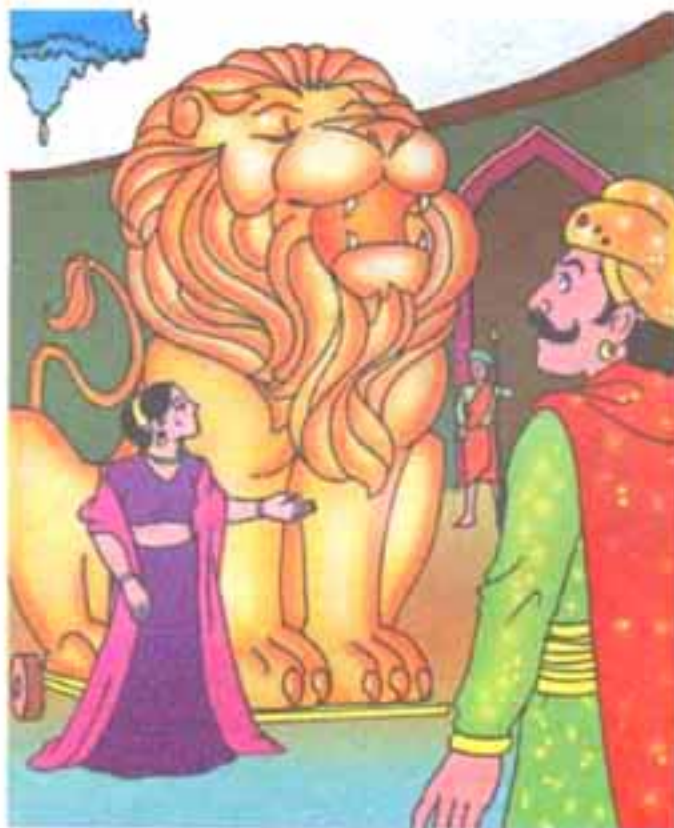
"They are my elder *bhau*," cried Mangesha, relieved. "I must help them come out of the prison.

And I'd also like to find and marry the princess! *Matso upkar cor*. If you can help me, I'll certainly reward you."

The woman said, "If I knew where she is, I'd have told my son and made the princess my own daughter-in-law. The only way to find the princess is to gain entry into the palace and find out about her. But mind you, it is very







The king was impressed. "*Mhaka gheunk zai*. Tell me, how much money will you take for this?"

"Sorry, my lord," said the woman. "This lion is not for sale. It belongs to a traveller who is staying with me. He's leaving our kingdom tomorrow. I had borrowed it just to show you."

"Then leave it here in the palace for a day," said the king. "Let me show it to my queen and our prince. I'll pay you for this."

She agreed and promised to collect the image the next day.

The king took it to the queen. She was delighted to see it. "Let's show this to Maya!" the queen begged her husband. "She'll be thrilled to see a singing lion." The king agreed.

He took the lion to his room where he lifted the carpet, and removed a slab revealing an underground staircase. The king went down the stairs and into a huge underground palace. He walked through room after glittering room. In the last room were ten girls, all of whom looked alike. The king went up to one of them and hugged her. Obviously she was his daughter, Maya!

"Father," cried Maya. "I get bored playing all day long. How long must I be here?"

"Not long, my dear! You know why you're here. Our treasury is empty. The only way I could fill it was by confiscating the goods of merchants who came here from outside. You must bear with me for a few more months."

The king showed them the singing lion. Maya and her maids were excited to hear it sing. The princess insisted on keeping it with her that night.

Maya and her maids made the lion sing their favourite songs. Later that night, the princess retired to her chambers with the lion. "O lion, can you sing a sorrowful love song for me?" she asked it.

The lion immediately sang a melodious but sad love song. Maya was very much moved. She said, "How I wish you were a man! I would have married you!"

The lion replied in a human voice, "I'm a strange animal. I can become a man if you pull the chain on my feet."

Maya was surprised. She pulled the chain. Immediately a door on the underside of the lion opened and Mangesha came out. He introduced himself. "I would like to marry you. I've come here only to seek your hand."

difficult even for a sparrow to enter the palace."

"*Avoi*, you are wise. Please help me," pleaded Mangesha.

She thought for some time. Then she had an idea. When she told him her plan, Mangesha brightened. He knew it would work! "*Dayo borem korun*."

She sent Mangesha to a goldsmith to get a huge hollow lion made out of gold.

When it was ready, the woman took it to the palace. She placed it before the king and said, "Your Majesty, this golden lion can sing. I shall make it sing for you." Turning to the lion, she said "O wonderful lion, please sing a song."

Immediately a melodious song burst out of the lion!

## Handicrafts

The culture of Goa displays a remarkable mix of Portuguese and Indian. The handicrafts reflect this culture. The popular Goanese craft items are straw hats, bamboo crafts, pottery, wood carvings, seashell crafts, and *khon* or woven mats. Other popular crafts include papier-mache, crochet, embroidery, batik prints, and rag dolls.



# Dances

The Goan folk dances are characterised by innumerable forms that reflect the culture and tradition of the land. *Fudgi* is the most popular folk dance. It is performed by women and danced at all major social gatherings. *Dhalo* is another all women folk dance. *Correndinho* is a Portuguese folk dance, famous for its rhythmic and exquisite footwork. *Ghode Modni*, *Goff*, *Kunbi*, and *Romat* are a few other popular folk dance forms.

he declared. Maya was charmed. They spent the whole *rath* planning what to do. Mangesha realised that the princess could be identified from her companions by the mole on her upper lip. It was darker and higher than those on the other faces, which had only been painted. In the morning Mangesha got back into the lion, which was carried back and handed to the gardener woman.

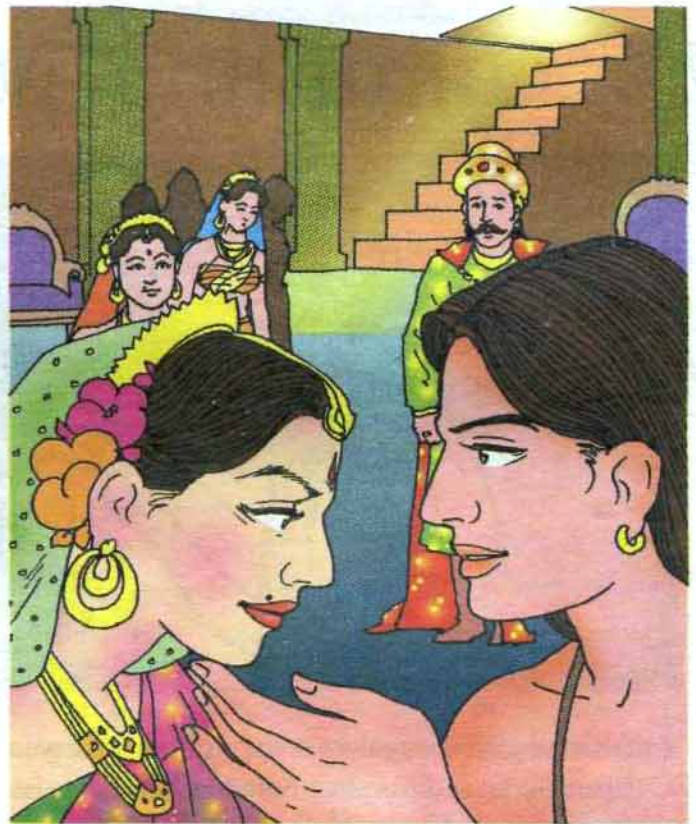
Now Mangesha confidently met the king. "Your Majesty, I'm a trader's son from a far off country. Please permit me to search for your daughter."

He spent six *dis*, looking all over the island, so that the king might not suspect him of knowing Maya. On the seventh day, he approached the king and requested for permission to search for Maya in the palace. The king was dumbfounded. But he could not refuse him.

Mangesha went all over the palace. He went to the king's chambers and looked around. He lifted the carpet and removed the slab there. He acted as if he was surprised to see the stairs, and began climbing down.

Now the king became nervous. "Will he find her?" he wondered. "And can he tell Maya from the other girls?" He followed Mangesha, who reached the princess's chamber. "Your majesty, one of them is your daughter!" said Mangesha.

"If you can recognise her, point her out!" the king managed to gasp out. This boy was smarter than any other he had seen. Mangesha looked carefully at the girls. He remembered that Maya's mole was different from those of the others. He identified her, walked up and bowed to her. Then he turned to the king and said, "This is your daughter."



The king was astonished. He could only gasp out, "You're bold and intelligent. You deserve her hand."

Mangesha was thrilled. But he had one request: "Your Majesty, please set free all those men who had tried to find Maya but ended up in your prison!"

The king agreed. Rudresha and Nagesha were among those released from prison. They were overjoyed to hear the story. Leaving the king wondering how Mangesha discovered Maya's whereabouts, the three brothers and Mangesha's newly wed *ohcall* set sail for home.

- Retold by Vidhya Raj

## Glossary

*Payes*: far  
*Teen put*: three sons  
*Dhuvo*: daughter  
*Moino*: months  
*Uxear*: brave  
*Bapui*: Father  
*Bhau*: brothers  
*Matso upkar cor*:  
 please do me a favour

*Avoi*: mother  
*Dayo borek korum*:  
 thank you very much  
*Mhaka gheunk zai*:  
 I'll buy it  
*Rath*: night  
*Dis*: days  
*Ohcall*: bride



# Gambling with the Lord



There were gamblers galore in the city, but none was as adept in the art as the orphan Somdutt. Whenever he gambled he won, almost without fail. No wonder then the other gamblers wished to avoid playing with him. But so noble was Somdutt that he spent whatever he earned from the gambling dens to help the needy.

On the outskirts of the city, in a cave, lived a holy man. Somdutt had great respect for him. He would often buy some delicious fruit or other item of food and offer it to the sage. He would also say, "I'm ignorant and foolish. I do not know how to pray to God. O Sage, will you kindly plead with the Almighty to have mercy on me?"

The sage would then advise: "Never mind your ignorance, my son, always remember God. Offer all your actions to Him. That would do you good."

Somdutt's only earning was from gambling. One rainy day, he went round several gambling dens; but the players refused to give him any chance to play. It became evening and Somdutt was hungry. He had nowhere to go. There was a Siva temple just outside the village, surrounded by a grove. Somdutt went inside. In the flicker of the lamp, he found some food laid out in front of the deity. He bowed to the Lord and said, "I'm hungry. Since this food has already become your *prasad*, can I eat it now?" He heard a voice – or he thought he heard it – telling him

that he was welcome to eat it.

He was very happy. He felt grateful to the deity and said, "My Lord, in what way can I please you? I wish I could chant some hymns in your praise; or I could sing before you. But what use wishing all this? The only thing I know is gambling. The sage says that one can offer all of one's actions to the Lord. Should I exhibit my way of gambling? But the problem is, one cannot gamble all alone. At least one more hand is necessary. How then can I gamble?"

Suddenly an idea flashed in his mind. Excited and beaming with joy, he said, "O Lord, how about becoming my partner? Well, my right hand can play for you; and my left hand can represent me. Will that be all right?"

Again it appeared to him that the Lord had no objection to it. He then said, "If I'm defeated, I'll surrender to you my tattered shirt, which is my only possession. And if you are defeated, you won't mind my taking away whatever interests me, will you?"

To this, too, the deity consented. That is what Somdutt felt. He devised a simple game. With his right hand he played on behalf of the deity and with the left, he played for himself.

Suddenly he began clapping. "Lord, you're defeated! You're defeated! But you don't have to feel disheartened. After all, this is the first time you have gambled in your



life, I suppose. However, as we had agreed upon, I can take away something attractive. Right? Let me see..."

He raised the lamp and cast a look around. There were images of several gods and goddesses carved on stone or made of metal. Among them what he liked most was an image of Durga. He lifted it and said, "How beautiful this idol is! I've no mother. This image would serve as my mother. I'll take it home."

"Tut, tut," he thought he heard somebody say. "It's not easy to maintain a deity. You must look after it properly, arrange for rituals, and find a priest to perform them. Can you do all that? Besides, you may be accused of having stolen something sacred and be punished!"

"True," said Somdutt. He returned the idol to its seat. "But must I go empty-handed?"

"What you need is not a mother but a wife, you fool! Wait for a while. Hide behind me. And you'll get a damsel the like of which you would never have seen," he was told – or he thought he was told.

He hid behind the deity and waited. That was an auspicious full moon night. Once every year, a nymph named Tilottama made an offering of a dance in front of the deity on such a night. She duly appeared and began to dance. An amazed Somdutt saw her. As soon as her dance was over, he came out and said, "Whoever you are, you must marry me. That's what the Lord has ordained!"

Amused, the nymph looked at Somdutt and then at the deity. Did she receive some instruction from the deity? Probably yes. "All right, young man, let's go," she said. Somdutt followed her into the grove. The clouds had disappeared and the moon shone brilliantly. Somdutt stood speechless looking at her beauty.

The nymph laughed mildly and said, "Do you have a house where I can live? Do you have the

means to maintain me and the maids who will be serving me?"

"I'm afraid not!" muttered Somdutt, his head hung.

"So, young man, what you need is not only a wife, but a house and some wealth. Am I right?" asked the nymph.

"You're right," agreed Somdutt, feeling awfully embarrassed.

"Don't you worry. I'll do something about it, though I can't marry you, for a nymph is not supposed to marry a mortal." She closed her eyes and stood in silence for a moment and then, lowering her voice, passed on some advice to Somdutt and disappeared.

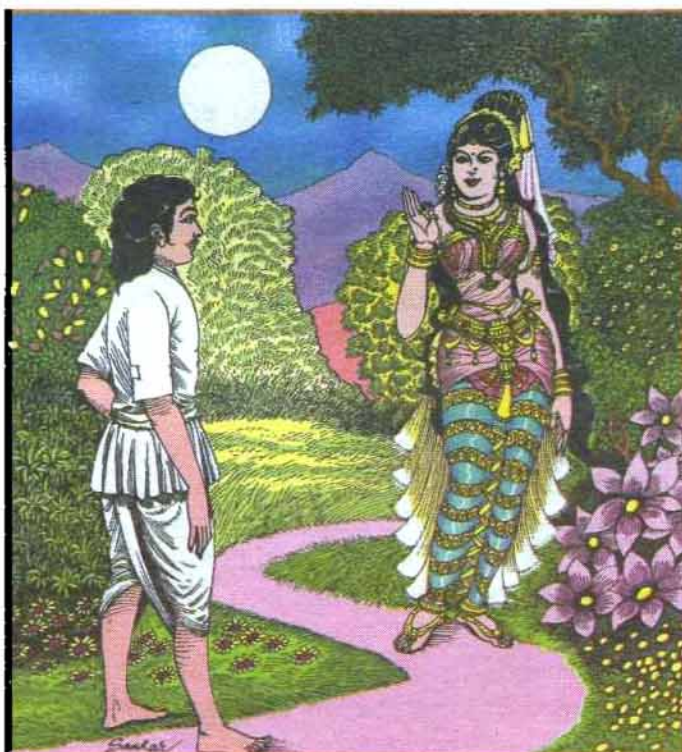
Within a few days it became widely known that the princess of the land suffered from a strange illness. Though her name was Kamalkumari, she claimed that she was Tilottama. She refused to eat the delicious food served to her and always spoke, though incoherently, about the court of Lord Indra, the king of the gods, of celestial spheres far away, so on and so forth.

No physician could cure her. She grew emaciated and was on the verge of death when the king announced that whoever could cure her would be given whatever he demanded.

Somdutt alone knew that, true to her promise, the nymph had possessed the princess and she would leave her as soon as he took up the responsibility of curing her.

The princess was the only child of the royal couple. When Somdutt met the king and the queen, they were shedding tears. They were almost sure that their dear daughter was about to depart from the world.

"Your majesty, I possess the formula to cure the princess through a divine dream. Please allow me to try it on her,"





Somdutt pleaded with the king.

"Try, my boy, try by all means. But if you fail, be sure that you, too, would depart to the world beyond, to give company to our beloved daughter," said the king.

"And should you succeed, young man, be sure that you would give company to our beloved daughter in this world as her husband," said the queen.

Somdutt bowed to the royal couple and requested them to leave him alone with the princess for a while. That was done. He then murmured into the ears of the princess, "O nymph Tilottama! You have been extremely kind to me. Now you may kindly leave the princess's body and show some signs of having left her. Otherwise I'm finished!"

He had hardly finished saying this when the princess opened her eyes. She looked at him with wonder and said softly, "How strange! I dreamt of you and you're right here! But where am I? What had happened to me?"

"What was the dream about me, O sweet Princess?"



asked Somdutt. But the princess only blushed and said nothing.

True, she said nothing to Somdutt, but she revealed to her mother what she had dreamt. A beautiful lady, probably a nymph, told her that she was leaving her, but in no time her future husband would appear there.

Needless to say, Somdutt was married to the princess amidst great festivities. The king was so very happy with his son-in-law that he abdicated in his favour and retired to a hermitage. As soon as the orphan and 'ignorant' Somdutt ascended the throne, he pulled down the old Siva temple and built a majestic one in its place. Can you imagine the next good thing he did? You cannot, we bet. He banned gambling! But he provided jobs to all the gamblers.

- Vindusar



## That's science for you!

Between 3000 and 2000 BC, the Sumerians who lived between the rivers Euphrates and the Tigris invented writing. They developed signs and symbols to convey messages and keep records.

Sumerians were avid record-keepers. The first Sumerian writers were the temple priests. The temples were storehouses where the State stored surplus grain and other products. The priests had to account for the articles in their custody. They would maintain records

using picture-symbols, like straw of wheat to indicate wheat and an ox head to indicate the oxen.

The early picture symbols stood for objects. Gradually, they began to identify a picture symbol with a sound. Then, the original picture symbols were adapted and modified to indicate more than one thing. For example, an ox head would mean oxen, but an ox head with a line under it would mean only the mouth. Slowly these signs stopped being picture symbols and became signs that corresponded to sounds from spoken language. The Sumerians developed nearly 2,000 signs representing syllables.

The Sumerians wrote their records on clay tablets with pens made of sharpened reeds. These tablets, called cuneiform, were then baked to make them hard.



# Jungle Bells in Tyda

**E**co-tourism is the buzzword today. The next time your school closes for a vacation, be a smart eco-tourist and get away from the concrete jungle to a real one.

If you wish for an action-packed holiday, you must visit the Jungle Bells Nature Camp at Tyda.

Tyda is a small village in the Eastern Ghats, 75 km from Visakhapatnam in Andhra Pradesh. The Andhra Pradesh Tourism Development Corporation and the State Forest Department have come together to promote



a nature camp there called Jungle Bells. An eco-tourism-cum-environmental education venture, it is the first of its kind in the State.

The Jungle Bells Nature Camp is spread over 25 acres of well-forested land. Here you can lodge in tents, log huts, cottages or dormitories.

All modern facilities, such as a restaurant, coffee shop, nature library, watchtowers, and hammocks are available.

You can take the help of trained guides to lead you on nature trails in the nearby forests, hills, and villages, and help you identify different species of birds. For bird watchers, Tyda is a heaven-sent boon. Almost 350

species of birds have been sighted in these surroundings.

If you wish to learn to be a real 'jungle', you will find willing teachers to train you in various skills, like identifying pugmarks, recognising calls, tracking hideouts, besides looking a tiger in the eye if you stumble on one!

Among the wildlife known to inhabit the woods around Tyda are spotted deer, barking deer, sloth bear, wild boar, and leopard.



Delightful hillocks and hills are temptingly close, too. You might like to try your feet at trekking and rock climbing.

And if that's not enough, you could venture into the tribal villages in the vicinity. Perhaps pick up a trinket or two at a shandy. Or try tribal food, for a change.

## How to get there:

Hire a car from Vizag to Tyda, but the most recommended mode of transport is the train. The rail route to Tyda from Vizag is breathtakingly beautiful with lush greenery, hills, valleys, waterfalls and countless tunnels. Or you could take the APTDC package tour and travel in a hi-tech coach!

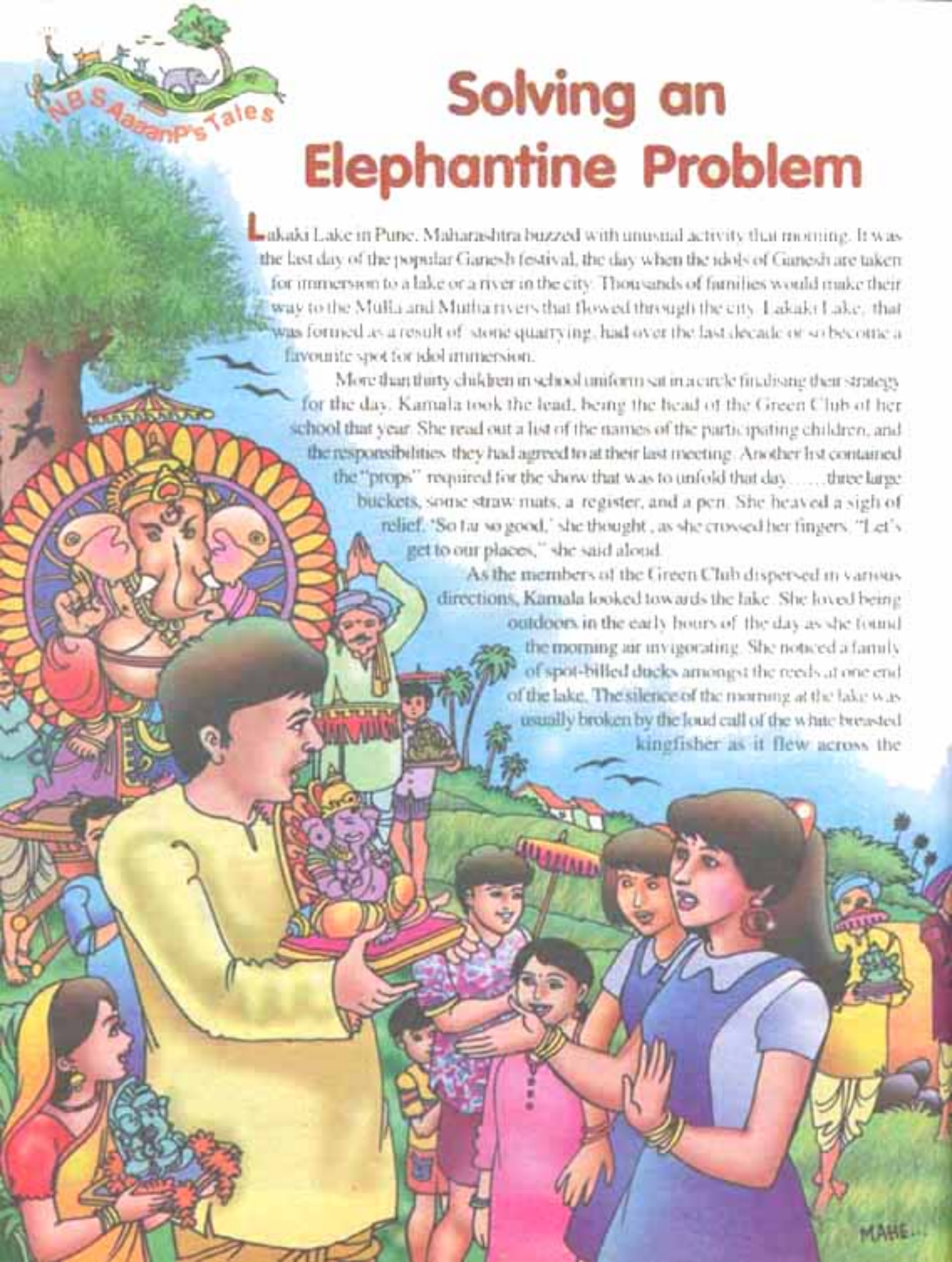


# Solving an Elephantine Problem

**L**akaki Lake in Pune, Maharashtra buzzed with unusual activity that morning. It was the last day of the popular Ganesh festival, the day when the idols of Ganesha are taken for immersion to a lake or a river in the city. Thousands of families would make their way to the Mulla and Mutha rivers that flowed through the city. Lakaki Lake, that was formed as a result of stone quarrying, had over the last decade or so become a favourite spot for idol immersion.

More than thirty children in school uniform sat in a circle finalising their strategy for the day. Kamala took the lead, being the head of the Green Club of her school that year. She read out a list of the names of the participating children, and the responsibilities they had agreed to at their last meeting. Another list contained the "props" required for the show that was to unfold that day. . . . three large buckets, some straw mats, a register, and a pen. She heaved a sigh of relief. 'So far so good,' she thought, as she crossed her fingers. 'Let's get to our places,' she said aloud.

As the members of the Green Club dispersed in various directions, Kamala looked towards the lake. She loved being outdoors in the early hours of the day as she found the morning air invigorating. She noticed a family of spot-billed ducks amongst the reeds at one end of the lake. The silence of the morning at the lake was usually broken by the loud call of the white breasted kingfisher as it flew across the





waters. But today the excited chatter and the clatter of footsteps of the children drowned these calls.

Kamala and her friends had always been keenly interested in the activities of their club. They had joined it two years ago when they entered middle school. In those two years they had been involved in a number of exciting projects, including a study of the Mutha river, the greening of the Fergusson College Hill, and in compiling a list of the species of birds found on their school campus.

The most interesting one, though, had been a green audit of their school that they had done to figure out how environment friendly they were. It had been exciting to share their findings with the whole school at the Monday assembly. This had led to some immediate action. A pit was dug to compost the leaves that were swept from their playground; unused pages from notebooks were collected at the end of the term to be made into pads, and used envelopes were turned inside out to be reused by the office staff.

But the most thrilling moment for the club members came when the children decided to boycott all soft drinks sold in tetrapacks that were served in their canteen. This decision was taken unanimously when they learnt that such packaging was not only wasteful and expensive, but damaging to the environment because it had a layer of aluminium that was non-degradable.

"Hey, Lotus, don't daydream!" yelled Darshini, one of Kamala's best friends in school. They had nicknamed her Lotus after the meaning of her name, when she got increasingly interested in green issues. "Oops, sorry!" said Kamala, and rushed to take her place at the entrance to the lake, where some members were tying a cloth banner between two branches of a tree. The

banner, painstakingly done by some of them, boldly stated: **'Don't Pollute Our Lake.....We Want to Live Too!'** All around this message were sketches of fishes, frogs, and some water birds like the spot-billed duck and the kingfisher.

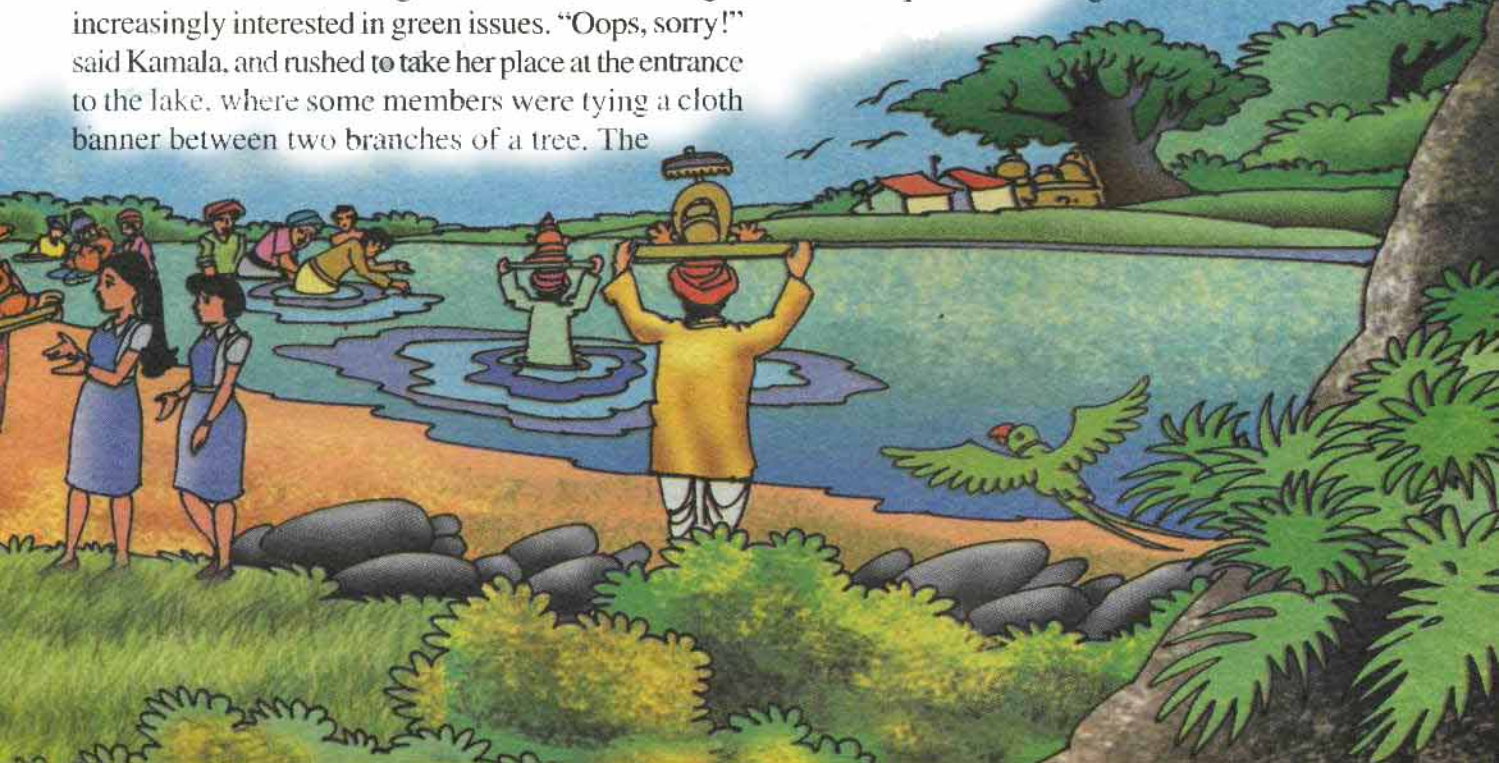
In a short while, an excited murmur ran through the group. All eyes turned towards the little path that led to the entrance to the lake. A small group of people could be seen walking down the path, chanting and praying. Four men amongst them were carrying a large idol of Lord Ganesh. Shibani, who happened to be standing near Kamala, nudged her and whispered, "Here's the first for the day. I hope we're lucky."

As the group neared the entrance, Kamala stepped forward. "We are members of the Green Club of Kendriya Vidyalaya. We are here to request you not to immerse your idol in this lake," she said. And then the members chipped in one by one with their lines, as if they had been rehearsed for the play that was unfolding.

"The paints that are used on the idols these days are all toxic, and they poison our waters," said one.

"Ganesh *Puja* was once a community affair with many families getting together. That's how it was in my grandparents' time. But these days it is celebrated individually and so, there are so many more idols to be immersed," said another.

"We have read that the lake beds in some places have got silted



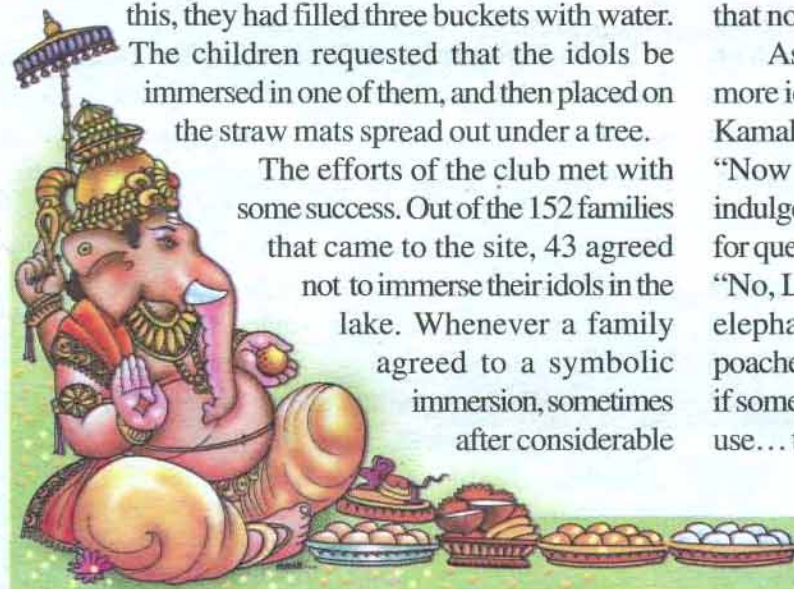


because a large number of idols have been immersed over the years,” added Shibani.

“And, and,” said Leela excitedly, who was the youngest in the club, besides being Kamala’s younger sister, “we feel all this will affect the wildlife in this lake.”

This scene was replayed the entire morning, as many families made their way to the lake with idols of various sizes. The students explained how the lake was the only source of drinking water for many residential areas around and how paints release heavy metals like lead, mercury, manganese, and chromium into the water. They pleaded that the idols be given only a symbolic immersion. For this, they had filled three buckets with water. The children requested that the idols be immersed in one of them, and then placed on the straw mats spread out under a tree.

The efforts of the club met with some success. Out of the 152 families that came to the site, 43 agreed not to immerse their idols in the lake. Whenever a family agreed to a symbolic immersion, sometimes after considerable



discussion and debate amongst themselves, a spontaneous cheer went up from the students. Leela would run with a register to note down the name and address of the family for their record, and would thank them profusely on behalf of all the fishes and frogs!

At the end of the morning it was a tired but happy group of children who trudged to their homes after sending the idols to the school in their school bus. They would have to decide on what they would do with the idols. Some students suggested that they could find out from a potter if the clay could be reused. Others said the idols could be distributed among homes the following year, so that no new ones need be purchased.

As Kamala and Leela walked back home, they saw more idols of Ganesh being taken away for immersion. Kamala heaved a sigh. Leela looked up at her and asked, “Now what are you worrying about?” Kamala smiled indulgently at her younger sister who always scolded her for questioning the ways of the world too often, and said, “No, Leela, I’m not worrying. Just thinking about the elephants in our country that are getting killed by poachers, speeding trains, and what not. Just wondering if somehow all this human devotion could be put to better use... that’s all. Just wondering.”

- By Sujatha Padmanabhan

Courtesy: The National Biodiversity Strategy and Action Plan (NBSAP) and Kalpavriksh

Festivals are very special occasions, where families get together to celebrate. But over the years, some of the rituals associated with festivals have increasingly caused environmental problems like pollution of air (firecrackers), noise pollution (deafening loudspeakers), and even pollution of water bodies (idol immersion during festivals like *Durga Puja* and *Ganpati Utsav*, or the *tazias* during *Moharram*).

The *Ganpati Utsav*, on which the above story is based, was in the past a social affair with entire communities getting together to celebrate. But with the growth in population especially in cities, it is now celebrated by every nuclear family separately. So the number of idols that get immersed has increased tremendously. When the idols are immersed, the toxic paints used for decorating them pollute the water. When the clay idols dissolve, tonnes of soil get added to the water body. This leads to silting or the accumulation of mud on the bed of the water body. Besides, along with the idols, people also throw the *nirmalya* (the leaves and flowers used in the *puja*) into the water. The increased biodegradable matter in the water (from the *nirmalya*, and the materials used for making the idols, like hay, bamboo, wood, straw, jute, cloth, etc) decomposes and this depletes the amount of oxygen. The water thus becomes unsuitable for organisms to survive.

Today, many groups of individuals, NGOs, and schools in States like Maharashtra and Madhya Pradesh are involved in raising awareness about such issues.





# JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA



## Chittu learns to hunt



Chittu was a lazy little bird.

She did not even learn to fly. "Go and find your own food," Chittu's mother sternly told her one day, and flew away.

Chittu hopped out of the nest.

She closed her eyes and held her breath. Then she flapped her wings up and down. She opened her eyes only when a cool breeze swept across her face. And lo, she was FLYING! Chittu was thrilled. But her happiness did not last long.

Here are pictures of some animals and birds, and their young ones. Can you match them?



THUD! Chittu crashed into a tree and fell down. She lay on the ground. Until her tummy rumbled with hunger. Then she looked around for food. Soon she saw something moving. It was Dadaji worm. 'Ha! my first prey!' Chittu was excited.

Dadaji did not see Chittu. He was tired because of the long, exciting party last night. It was his birthday party.





Dadaji yawned and slowly moved forward. He suddenly found something pricking his back. He shouted in pain. He turned and saw that he was dangling from Chittu's beak. 'I was the happiest worm only last night. Today, I'm going to die!' he cried in fear. Then he looked closely at Chittu. 'This seems to be her first day of hunting,' he thought.





"Little one," he called softly. Chittu was surprised to hear the worm talk. "I'm so tiny that I won't fill your tummy. I'll show you where you can find lots of food."  
 Chittu remembered Mom's words: "Don't trust strangers."  
 "Don't be afraid," said Dadaji. "You look hungry. Follow me," he told her.



What does Chittu see in the distance? Join the dots to find out. Also colour this beautiful scene.



"Fly to that mango tree," Dadaji said. He got on to Chittu's back. They flew to the tree. Dadaji pointed out a beehive. "It's full of tasty honey. You can eat the honey, and also the bees who live there," he tempted Chittu. "I'll wait here till you finish your meal."

'What a friendly and helpful worm! Everybody isn't as bad as Mom thinks,' thought Chittu. She thanked Dadaji and hopped to the beehive.

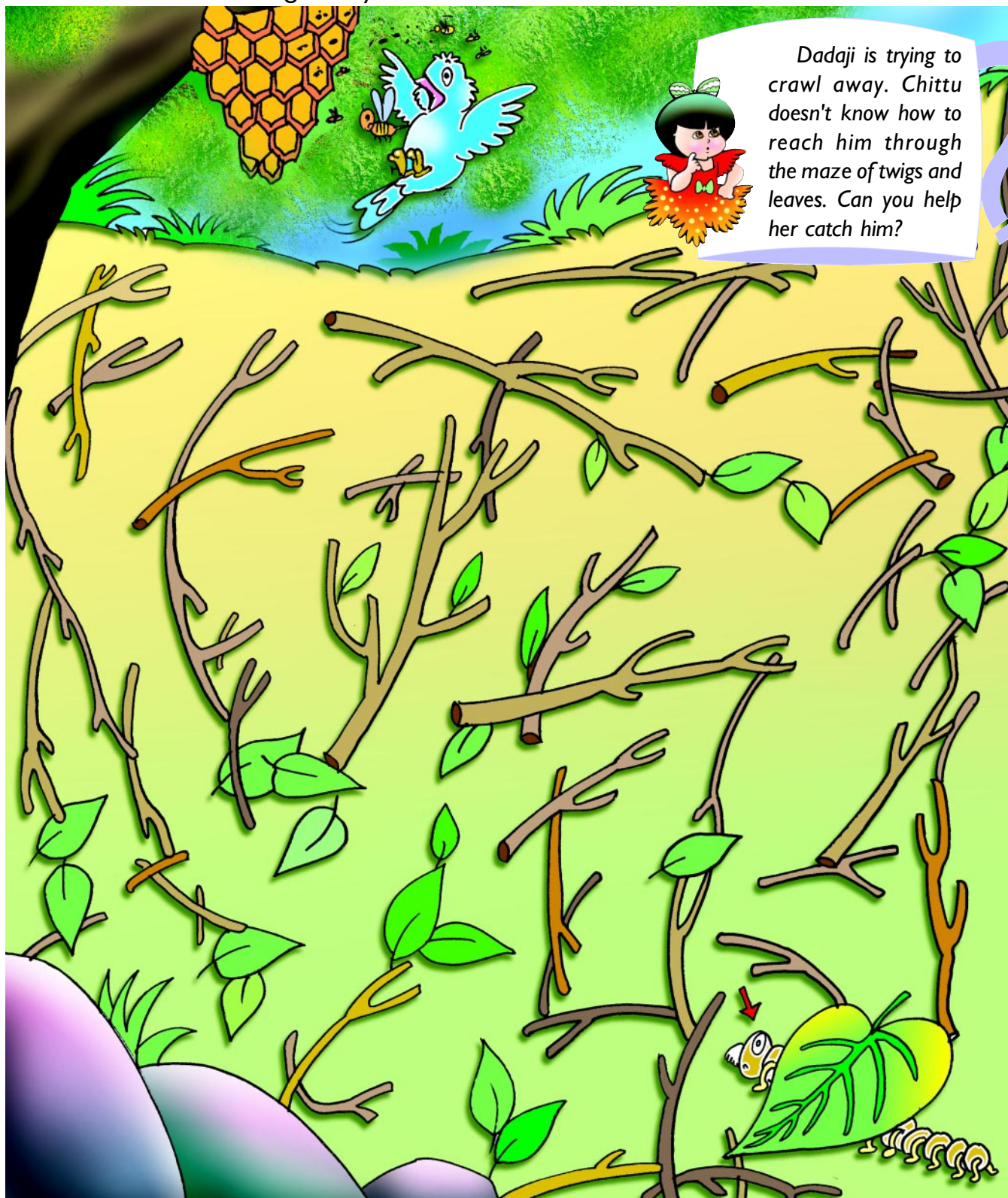


In this picture you will find the houses of the four small creatures that have been drawn and numbered. Why don't you match them correctly?





Chittu poked the hive with her beak to suck the honey. Out came thousands of bees! They stung her angrily. Poor Chittu! She was shocked by the sudden attack. She cheeped loudly and flew back. But Dadaji was not around. 'He has fooled me. Mom was right, after all. I should not trust strangers,' she thought. She searched and found him crawling away.





Chittu once again caught Dadaji. She glared at him in anger. Dadaji said, "Sorry, dear. How unfriendly the bees are! Couldn't they have shared the honey with you? Don't worry, I'll soon find something else for you to eat. But be kind and spare me."

He sounded sorry. He was afraid that Chittu might eat him up.





Chittu burst out angrily, "And Mom was right. I should not have trusted you. I've learnt a lesson. But I'm letting you go free since you have begged me to spare you. Go away before I change my mind!" Dadaji hung his head in shame and crawled away as fast as he could.



Here are a few words related to eating and drinking. But the letters are all jumbled up.

See if you can unscramble them with the help of the clues.

1. Grind with teeth - WCEH
2. Tear with teeth - TIEB
3. Eat quickly - BOLBEG
4. Drink lots of liquid or swallow fast - PUGL
5. Eat by biting off small pieces - ILBENB

## ANSWERS

Page-6 : A. Fear B. Joy C. Sorrow  
Page-8 : 1. CHEW 2. BITE 3. GOBBLE  
4. GULP 5. NIBBLE

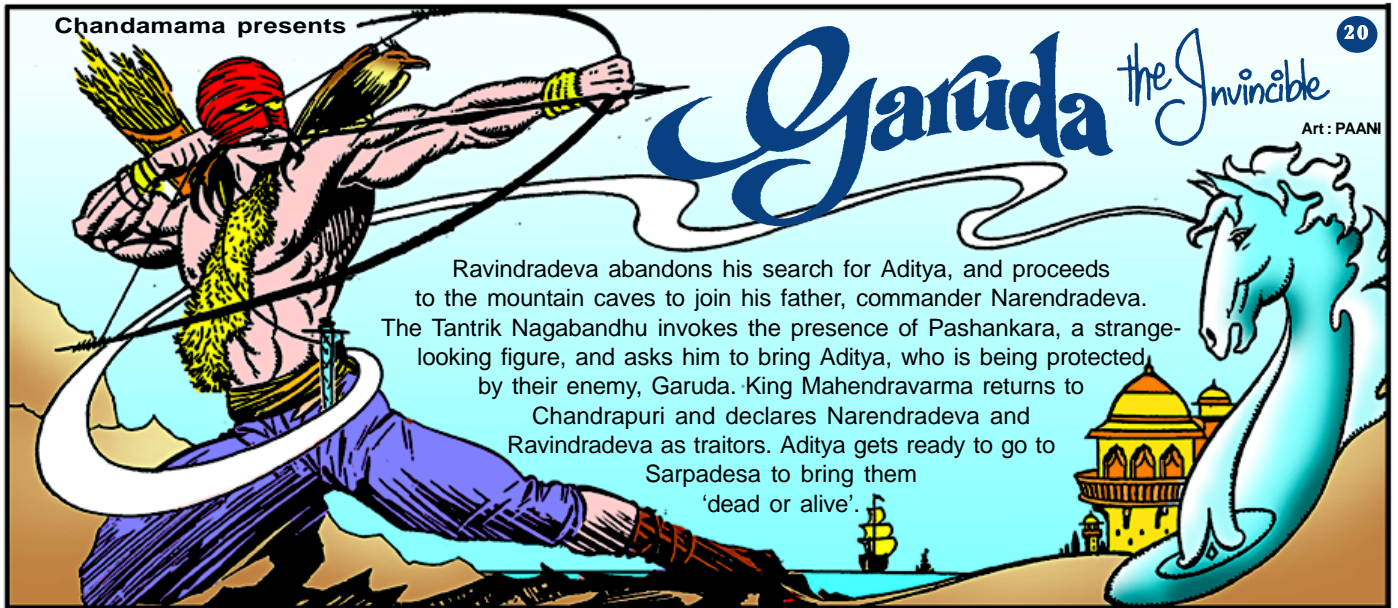
Page-1 : A-2, B-3, C-1  
Page-2 : gift, candle, decorated knife, balloons.  
Page-5 : A-1, B-4, C-2, D-3.



# Garuda the Invincible

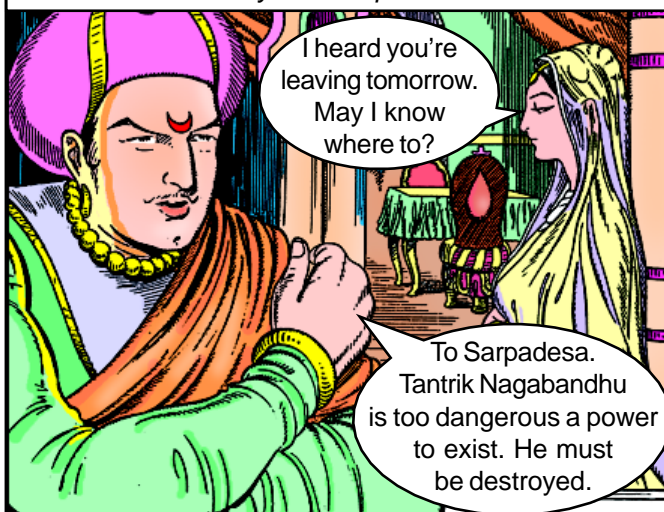
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Art: PAANI



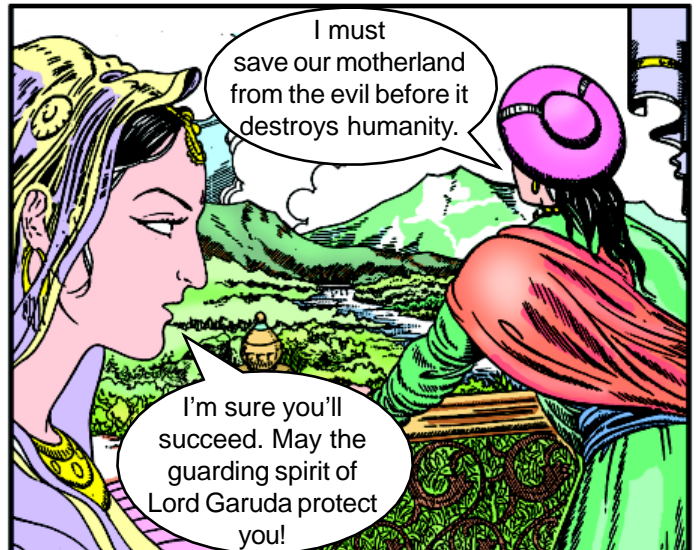
Ravindradeva abandons his search for Aditya, and proceeds to the mountain caves to join his father, commander Narendradeva. The Tantrik Nagabandhu invokes the presence of Pashankara, a strange-looking figure, and asks him to bring Aditya, who is being protected by their enemy, Garuda. King Mahendravarma returns to Chandrapuri and declares Narendradeva and Ravindradeva as traitors. Aditya gets ready to go to Sarpadesa to bring them 'dead or alive'.

Aruna meets Aditya in his apartments.



I heard you're leaving tomorrow. May I know where to?

To Sarpadesa. Tantrik Nagabandhu is too dangerous a power to exist. He must be destroyed.



I must save our motherland from the evil before it destroys humanity.

I'm sure you'll succeed. May the guarding spirit of Lord Garuda protect you!

After Aruna leaves, Aditya goes inside and meditates in front of the idol of Garuda.



The time has come to face our enemy. O Lord! Guide me to save my motherland!

A hissing sound is heard. Aditya wakes up, to see a huge serpent with a woman's torso.



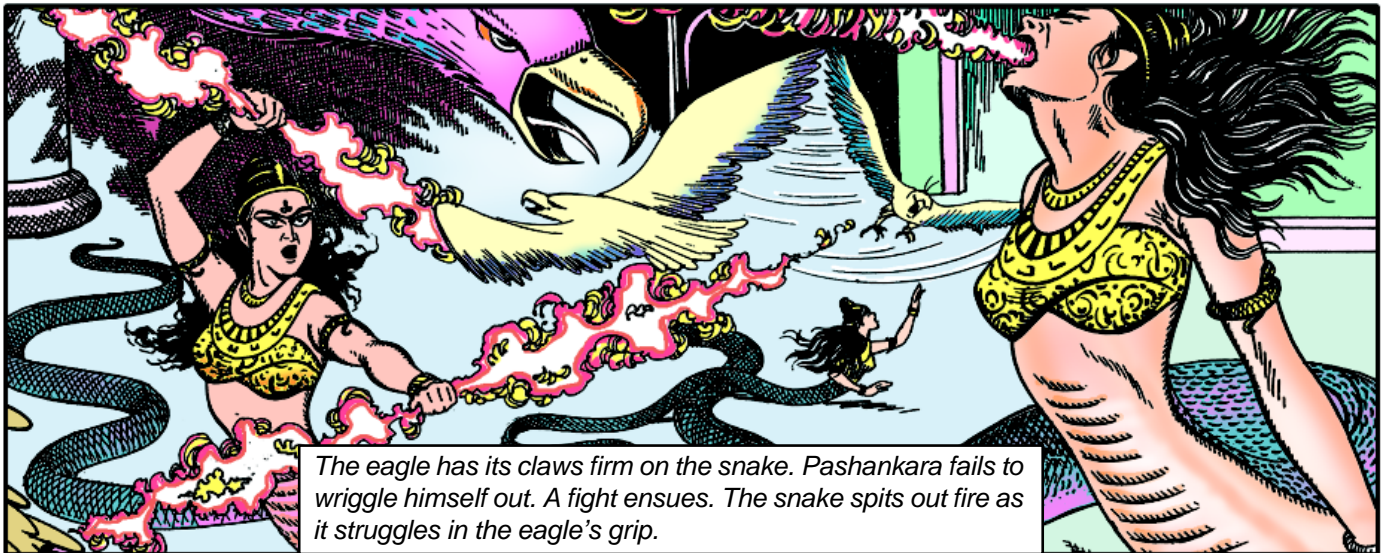
I'm Pashankara! Your end is near, Aditya! Nothing can save you!



As Aditya closes his eyes, images of the Tantrik performing some rituals pass through his mind.



The feather in front of the idol of Garuda takes the form of a huge bird and chases the snake. Pashankara tries to escape.



The eagle has its claws firm on the snake. Pashankara fails to wriggle himself out. A fight ensues. The snake spits out fire as it struggles in the eagle's grip.

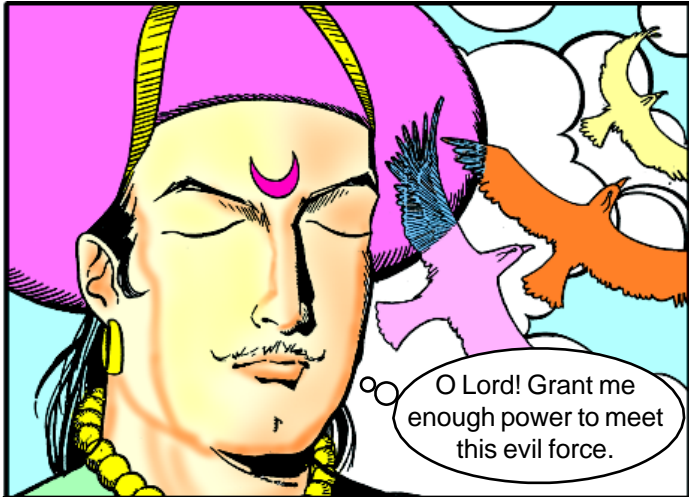


The snake is humbled. The mighty eagle carries the wounded snake high into the skies and drops it at the entrance to the Tantrik's cave.

The noise of something heavy falling down and of flapping of wings draws the attention of the Tantrik who comes out, only to watch a snake writhing in pain and an eagle flying away.

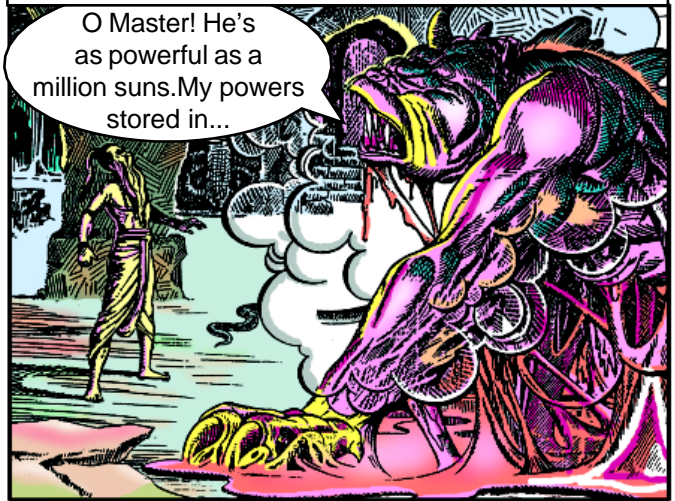






Aditya is aware of these strange happenings while he continues his meditation.

The mutilated torso of the woman now melts like the lava from a volcano and re-emerges as Pashankara.



Pashankara disappears as a formless vapour.

Nagabandhu is shocked beyond belief.



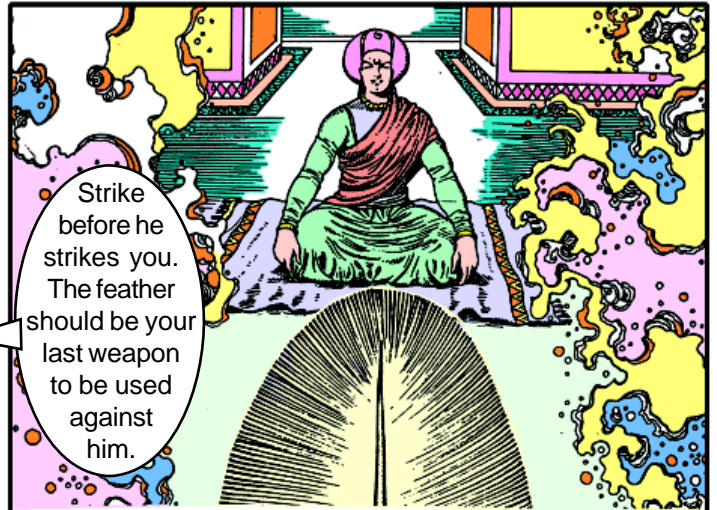
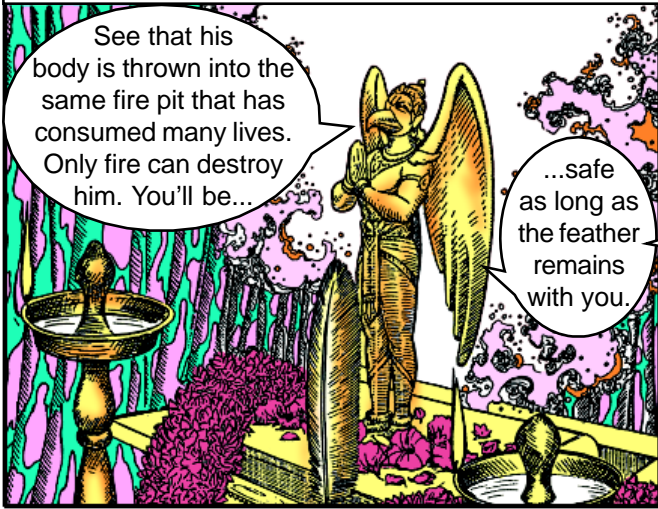
The Tantrik's threat disturbs Aditya. A luminous figure approaches him.

Aditya hears a soft voice, which gives him instructions.





The strange voice gets closer to Aditya almost in a whisper.



Aditya starts feeling that he is being blessed with more powers.



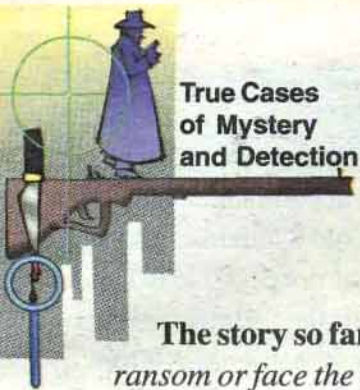
As the soft voice dies down, Aditya wakes up from his reverie.

Aditya rises and carefully ties the feather in the folds of his turban.



To continue





True Cases  
of Mystery  
and Detection

# THE ELUSIVE GANG OF SHANGHAI

- PART II

**The story so far:** *Tai Sang, a prosperous merchant of Shanghai, receives a threatening letter: pay a ransom or face the consequences. The sender has an unusual name - the Ear. He and his gang of cold-blooded murderers have for long successfully evaded the police. Tai Sang withdraws money from the bank and, as he is returning to his shop, his rickshaw collides with another. In the confusion, someone snatches the bag of money and escapes. Tai Sang makes a complaint to the police. The needle of suspicion turns to the Ear. A few weeks later, Tai Sang goes to the police commissioner and tells him that he has captured the elusive gang. Two policemen go with him to the shop. He shows them a trap door which reveals a cellar. The policemen see a dozen men caught in something sticky. Who are they? Now read on...*

**T**he day Tai Sang received the threatening letter from the Ear, he decided to carry out a scheme he had planned long ago. He started by provoking the gang. This he did by acting out the theft of the ransom. In fact, the man who collided with Tai Sang's rickshaw and ran away with the bag of money was none other than one of his own assistants! The merchant then reported to the police that the Ear had stolen his money. He expected the bandit to see through this hoax and come to take revenge on him and plunder him.

Now, the old man was all set to welcome the gang. He made a complicated trap to capture them. He got made life-size wax figures, which were placed behind the counters instead of the real assistants. These figures were so cleverly made that in the dim light they would look as real as living people. Then he prepared a double of himself and placed it in his seat behind the desk. He provided his lifeless twin with a speaking tube originating from behind the curtain.

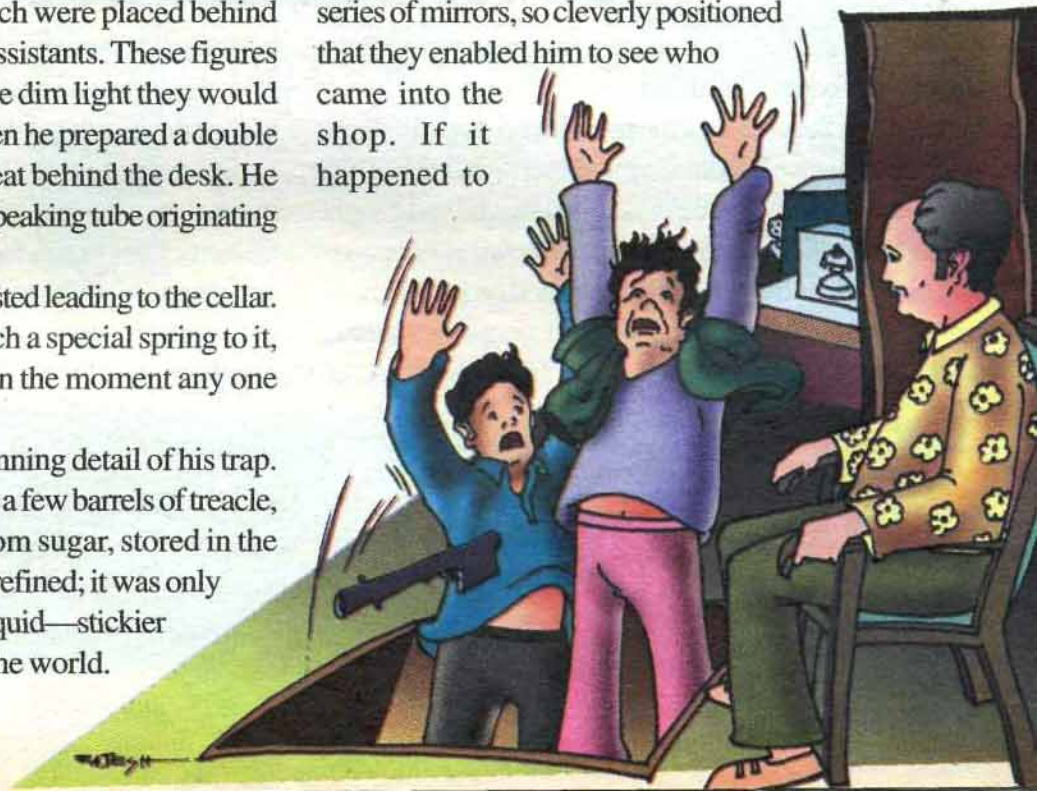
The trap door had already existed leading to the cellar. All that he had to do was to attach a special spring to it, so that the door would fall down the moment any one stepped on it.

In the cellar was the most cunning detail of his trap. For a long time the merchant had a few barrels of treacle, a thick syrup-like substance from sugar, stored in the cellar. This treacle had not been refined; it was only a raw product — a dark brown liquid — stickier than the most adamant glue in the world.

Chandamama

Tai Sang had a wooden enclosure made around that part of the cellar where the barrels stood, just below the trap door. He then broke open all the barrels. The liquid slowly flowed out and spread itself in a layer almost a metre deep inside the wooden enclosure. The snare was now perfect.

Tai Sang and his assistants patiently waited for the Ear and his gang to make their appearance. The shop door was kept temptingly wide open. The merchant and his men sat hidden behind the curtains. Their wax doubles realistically sat at the counters and at the desk. From his hiding place Tai Sang constantly looked at a series of mirrors, so cleverly positioned that they enabled him to see who came into the shop. If it happened to





be a real customer, one of his assistants would creep out and attend.

One day, two Chinamen rushed into his shop and opened fire. The wax puppets behind the counters tumbled one after the other in a most natural manner without inviting the slightest suspicion. The bandits then fired at the figure of Tai Sang behind the desk. But nothing happened to him. Tai Sang, through his speaking tube, burst into a mocking laughter and asked them to get out of his place. That angered the robbers and they rushed at his wax figure. As they did so, they stepped on the trap door, which opened and down they went into the sticky dark pit. There they got firmly stuck!

But Tai Sang was certain that there would be more than one visit from the gang. Some days later two more members of the gang made their appearance. The same scene was enacted again. The bandits joined their comrades in the dark cellar. There were now four in all. But the clever merchant was not satisfied. He knew that there were more of them. Though a simple man, he had the logical mind of a great detective. He deduced that the others would think that their missing friends had definitely made a profitable and secret bargain with the rich merchant and disappeared without sharing their booty with them.

Indeed, in the course of the next fifteen days, Tai Sang had trapped twelve bandits during six separate raids. Then there were no more and he concluded that he had caught the entire gang. Nevertheless, he extracted confessions from his captives by promising them food and water. How many of them were there in all? Who were they? Where had they hidden all the stolen goods? Little by little, Tai

Sang succeeded in finding out all that he wished to know from them. Only then, purposely avoiding the local police, did he go to the foreign police station to report the matter.

The two officers who had accompanied him to his shop stared agape at the little old Chinaman and were amazed at his genius. As it was not possible to handle the bandits all by themselves, they sent word to the Chinese police for more hands. It took them a full day to fish out the culprits from the brown sticky liquid in the cellar. But when they did so and had a closer look at their ugly faces, they were all taken aback and could not

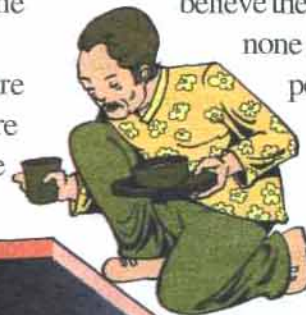
believe their eyes. For, the band of robbers were none other than their own colleagues in the police along with whom many of them had patrolled the town for months.

The mysterious Ear was an officer in the Chinese police force while the eleven others also belonged to the same unit. That explains why they were able to operate for so long without being traced.

It was not long before when the whole of Shanghai witnessed the execution of the ten surviving members of the gang. Two had already died in the merchant's cellar.

Some time after the incident, the little old Chinaman sold off his business and returned to his native town of Canton to lead a retired and peaceful life for the rest of his days.

But the people of Shanghai always remembered him in gratitude for the great service he had rendered to their city. For long, in the 'criminal museum' of Shanghai could be seen displayed the very 'puppets' that Tai Sang had used for luring the Ear and his band into his deadly trap.



## Startling Stats!



Almost 117 million Indians could have been fed for a year by the amount of foodgrains that India wasted in 1998-1999.

*Source: Humanscape  
Conceived and compiled by Anoop Babani*



# India's victory at Manchester



*Chandamama congratulates the Indian contingent that went to Manchester, England, to participate in the 17th Commonwealth Games and came back covering itself in glory. Taking into account the number of Gold medals won, India was placed third (32) below Australia (82) and England (52). Next to India was Canada (31), followed by New Zealand (11). Gold medals were won by 23 other countries, with 10 of them winning just one each. India's total tally was 72, including 21 Silver and 19 Bronze. Australia collected 204 medals and England 165. Canada had won 114 medals in all.*

It was a glittering show that India had put up at the Games, during the course of which some of the performances were historic, too. The women's hockey team deserves a special salute for winning the gold medal in that event for the first time. Initially our team lost to New Zealand (1-3) and drew with England (1-1). There was not much hope of India making it to the semi-finals. However, a turn came when

## Women's hockey



India made a determined comeback into reckoning by beating South Africa (4-3). The semi-final was against New Zealand and India won 2-1, to face England in the final. At half-time, the score was 2-0. In the second half, England levelled the score. Extra-time was played, and in the first half, Mamta Kharab scored one goal and that was to be the 'golden goal' to give victory to India. Our women's team had created history.

## Other "golden" performances

**Jaspal Rana** won five golds—all in shooting events. His tally was only next to the six won by Ian Thorpe, the ace swimmer of Australia.



When **Anju B. George** won the Bronze in women's long jump, she became the first Indian woman to win a medal in athletics at the Commonwealth Games.

**Anjali Bhagawat's** four gold medals in shooting were the highest among women participants in the 17th Games.

**N. Kunjarani Devi** from Manipur also created history. In women's weightlifting, newly introduced in the Games, she won all the three golds in her category (48 kg.). She was emulated by **Sanamacha Chanu** and **Shailaja Puri**, both of whom won all the three gold medals each in their respective categories.

## More Golds

### Shooting

- Abhinav Bindra
- Sameer Ambekar
- Suma Shirur
- Moraad Ali Khan
- Rajyavardhan Singh
- Vivek Singh
- Samaresh Jung
- Mukesh Kumar
- Bhanwar Lal Dhaka
- Raj Kumari Dodiya
- Mahaveer Singh
- Charan Singh

### Weightlifting

- Pratima Kumari
- Satheesh Rai
- (two golds each)

### Boxing

- Mohammed Ali Qamar

### Wrestling

- Palwinder Singh Cheema
- Ramesh Kumar
- Krishan Kumar



One day Parvati once again reminded Vighneswara about his marriage, and how his younger brother Kumara was determined not to marry till his marriage took place. “Mother, Kumara is the army commander of the *devas*, and he can afford to have even two wives,” remarked Vighneswara. “Look at my paunch! I’m always worried about my food. How then can I think of marriage?”

It was then that Siva intervened. “I’m putting you in charge of my *ganas* and you’ll be known as Ganapati.”

“Father, you might be saying that out of affection for me,” responded Vighneswara. “I don’t have the qualification to be in charge of the group of celestials attending on you. On the contrary, Kumara as the *devas*’ *senapati* is doing his duties exceedingly well. When he is available to preside over your *ganas*, why should you want me to take up that responsibility?”

The Lord said: “No, my son, I’ve decided that you will be *gananatha* or leader of my attendants. Kumara already has one post; he need not be burdened with one more. He may find it difficult to hold two posts.”

“Father, may I make a suggestion?” said Vighneswara. “Let’s have a contest to decide who will be in charge of the *ganas*. Whoever wins should be entrusted with that post.”

Thus it was decided that there would be a competition between the brothers. Whoever would visit all the holy temples on the earth and take a dip in each of the temple tanks and return to Kailas first, would be

put in charge of the *ganas*. Kumara immediately set out on his peacock mount. Vighneswara remained wherever he was.

Lord Vishnu came there soon afterwards. He said, “Vighneswara, I seem to have a lot of affection for you, especially when I see the humility in you. If you remain inactive, that might be mistaken for failure on the part of the *devas*. It is your duty to impress on others the greatness of your father. For that you don’t have to wander like Kumara. I shall tell you what you should do.”

## The Story of Ganesa



### 9. The Ganas get a leader

revealed to me by Vishnu himself.”

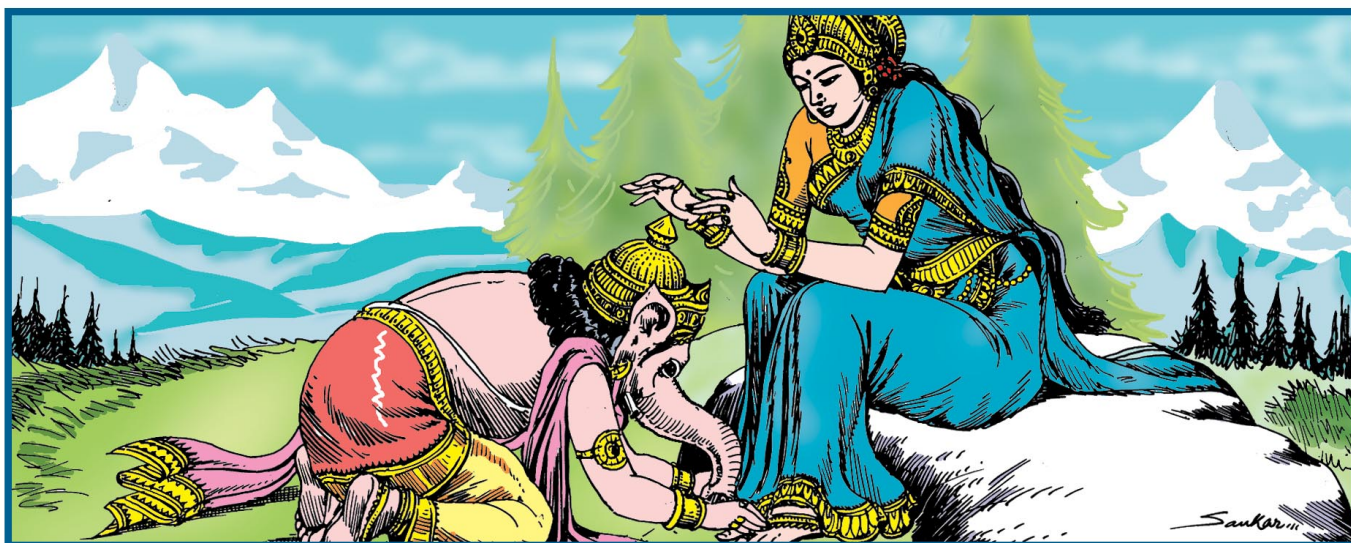
The brothers then paid their obeisance to their parents. Kumara turned to the *devas* and deities gathered there and said, “My brother Vighneswara will now be anointed as the leader of Lord Siva’s *ganas*. He will henceforth be known as Ganapati.”

All the *devas* were happy and praised Kumara’s

On the advice of Vishnu, Vighneswara began chanting the Siva *mantra*. The effect of this was felt by Kumara. Whichever temple he went, he was told that Vighneswara had already visited the place! He was surprised and was so dejected that he returned to Kailas conceding defeat and accepting Vighneswara as the victor.

He led his younger brother to the presence of their father and told him all that had happened. “Brother! Neither have I won, nor have you been defeated!” he said. “Actually, the victor is none other than our father. That’s why I was chanting his name which has great powers. This was





action in honouring Vighneswara. The *ganas* like Sidha, Sadhya, and Yaksha were all happy. However, Bhringeeswara, Sringeeswara, Chandiswara, and Nandeeswara protested as they were nurturing some animosity towards Vighneswara. They said, “Kumara is the *senapati* of the *devas* and we had all along recognised him as representing our Lord Siva. How then can we accept Vighneswara as our leader? We object to Vighneswara being made the leader of the *ganas*.”

On hearing this, Siva got very angry. “What! Do you want to go against my decision?”

Vighneswara, however, kept his cool and said, “Father, what they say is only right. What qualification do I have to be their leader? When I was born, I had several followers. Now I don’t have any.”

Surprisingly, several Vighneswaras manifested and came and stood by his side. All of them had four hands,

each of which was holding weapons like tridents, bows, arrows, swords, and mace. Some carried flutes and veenas. Some had in their hands herbal plants, flowers, fruits, garlands. The *devas* and *ganas* present there looked at them with curiosity.

Soon, some of the Vighneswaras rose towards the heavens. The *ganas* then sent a shower of flowers at them. Some *ganas* went and brought a stone-studded throne. After Vighneswara sat on it, they paid their obeisance to him.

Parvati forgot herself and got up to pay obeisance to Vighneswara, who raised his hands to indicate his objection. “Mother, please remember that I am your son.” Vighneswara now got up from his throne to prostrate before Parvati.

Cries of “Ganapati!” and “Vighneswara!” were heard from all sides.

(To continue)

## HOWZAT!



Take this little test to check how sharp you are and how sound your general knowledge is! Here are four sets of three words each. Look at each set and say what's common to all the words in it. Don't give yourself more than twenty seconds for each set.

1. CHINKARA, CHITAL, SHATOOSH
2. RANCHI, HYDERABAD, DEHRA DUN
3. SARAYU, GODAVARI, GANGA
4. TENNIS, HOCKEY, POWERLIFTING

- Answers:
1. Different kinds of deer found in India.
  2. Capitals of Indian States.
  3. These rivers feature in the Ramayana.
  4. The three events in which India has won Olympic medals.



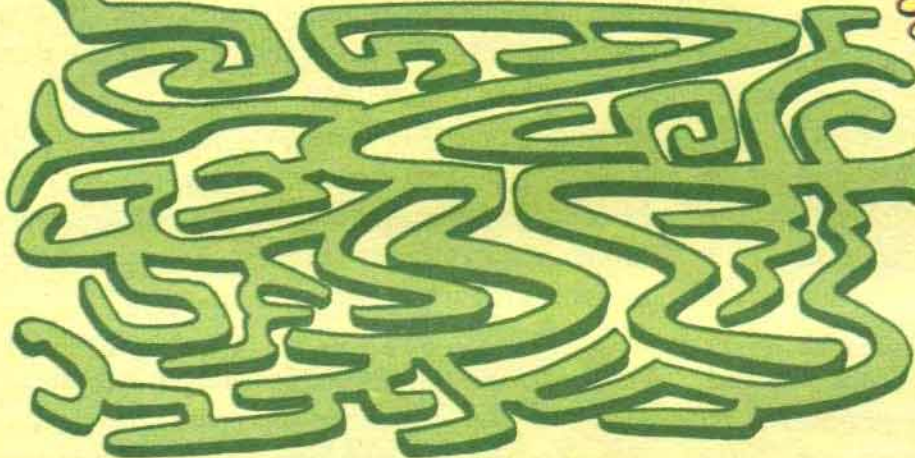
# FUN TIMES

Hi, kids! Here are some fun activities for you. Try your hand at them. Hope you enjoy yourself!



## Treat the tortoise

Dheeru Tortoise loves ice-cream and he's jumping for joy. But the poor fellow does not know how to go through the maze. Will you help him?



## Spot 'em out!

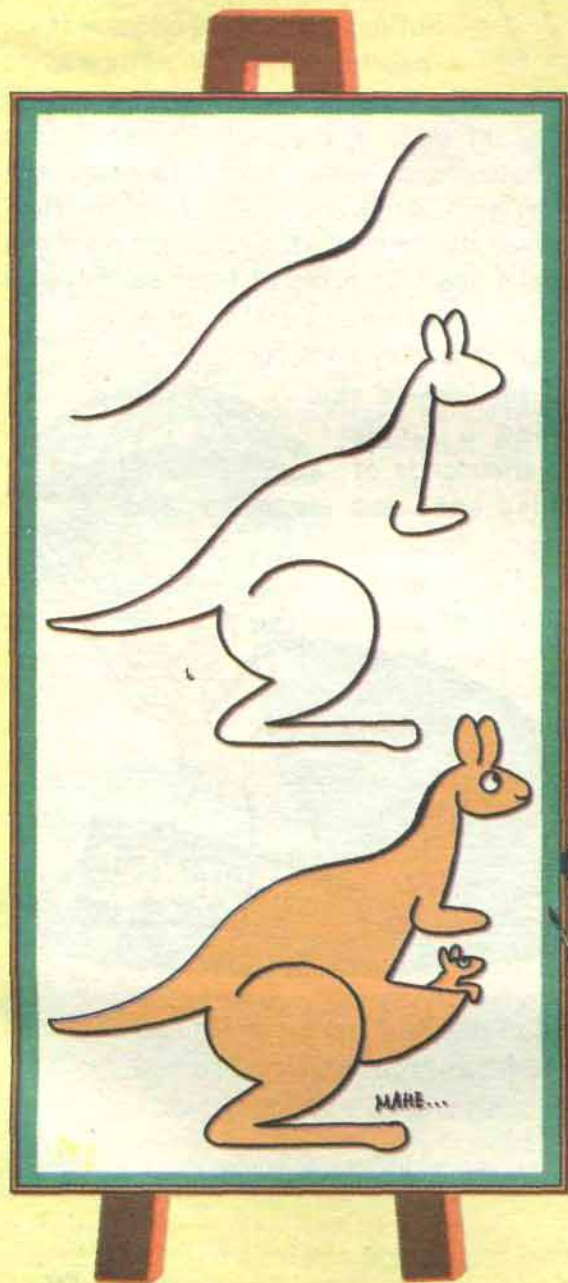
The two pictures may appear identical, but there are eight differences between them. Happy spotting!





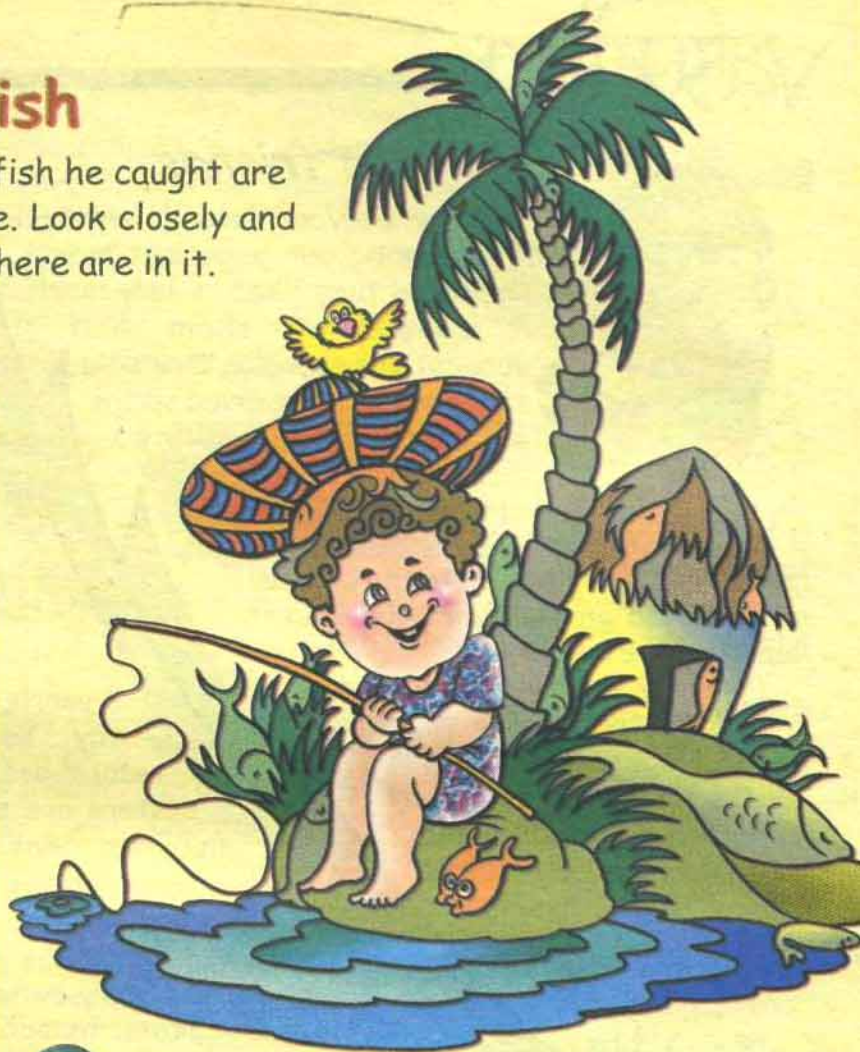
## Missing fish

Seenu loves fishing. But the fish he caught are scattered all over the picture. Look closely and find out how many fish there are in it.



## Simple Art

Draw a kangaroo using simple shapes and patterns. You only need to follow the instructions step-by-step.



## Arrow shadow

That arrow is whizzing out from Ronu Rabbit's bow. Can you guess which of these shadows here belongs to Ronu's arrow?



(Answers on page 65)





## Dear eco friends,

Some of your friends wrote in after seeing our page last month. They said they liked it very much. A couple of them had suggestions to make. One said that you could use dried sprigs of neem under pillows, mattresses, and inside cupboards to ward off insects. Thanks, pal. A friend of mine always added a small quantity of pure neem oil to the coconut oil she used on her hair. She said it kept the lice away!

We have some interesting eco-friendly activities for you this month. Hope you like them.

Do write in to us at Vasudha, Chandamama, 82, Defence Officers' Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai-600097.

Love

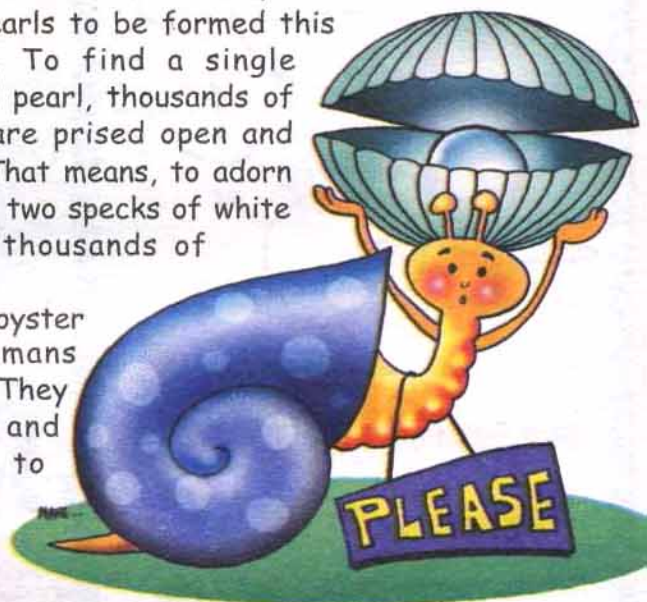
Kopra Kutty

To ensure that every oyster developed a pearl, humans invented oyster breeding. They prise open oyster shells and introduce a foreign substance to induce nacre secretion. After seven years, the pearls are collected after killing the oysters. Do you still love pearls?

## Love Pearls?

Pearl jewellery is cool and chic. But not everything about it is so. A pearl is formed in nature when the oyster is irritated by an intruder in its shell. It secretes a substance called nacre to cover the irritant. As layers and layers of the fluid cover the irritant, they become hard and form a pearl. It takes at least seven years for a standard sized pearl to develop. However, it is very rare for

pearls to be formed this way. To find a single natural pearl, thousands of oysters are prised open and discarded. That means, to adorn your ears with two specks of white beads, you kill thousands of creatures.



## The Mosaic of life



We've been flooded with entries to the Mosaic of Life Contest announced in Vasudha, the supplement on biodiversity in June, 2002. And now the winners...

The two winners are Deepa Ramamurthy from Haryana (English entry) and S.K. Rahima from Andhra Pradesh (Telugu entry). We publish Deepa's entry here:

1. Trees help in bringing rain which, besides flowing as rivers, provides us with water for drinking, cooking, bathing, washing, irrigating, and other uses.
2. Some animals are killed for their meat which is consumed as food.
3. Fish is an item of food not only for humans but for birds and other creatures.
4. Trees provide birds with shelter.
5. Many trees, like coconut and banana, are very useful to us in various ways. Coconut leaves can be used for making thatched roofs.
6. Animals like donkeys, bullocks, and camels are used as beasts of burden to draw carts and plough fields.
7. The coconut provides us with healthy and delicious coconut milk and sweet, white kernel to eat.
8. Cows and other milch cattle provide us with nutritious milk.



## Stitch a shopping bag

*Don't accept polythene bags from shops anymore! What could be more interesting than stitching your own bag and flaunting it when you go shopping! (You needn't tell anybody that you took mummy's help.) Search for bits and pieces of old cloth at home. A visit to the neighbourhood tailor will also prove helpful.*



### You'll need

Pieces of cloth, scissors, measuring tape, needle, and thread.

If you follow these measurements, you will get a bag of dimensions 40 cm x 30 cm. You could make bigger or smaller bags as you please, of course!

### The broad sides

Cut out 70 square pieces of cloth measuring 8 cm x 8 cm. Mark 1 cm from the edge of all four sides of each piece and draw lines. Each broad side of the bag needs 35 pieces. Lay out five pieces side by side and tack them together. This is the breadth. You'll need seven pieces to make its length. Tack them along the lines so that they are all equal in size. Also do overlock the edges so the pieces don't give away. Make the two broad sides.



### The base

Sew together three patches (30 cm x 10 cm

each) of thick cloth, like suit or shirting material in colour.



### The narrow sides or width

Cut out 8 pieces measuring 12 cm x 12 cm. Sew four together lengthwise to make two narrow

strips for each side of your bag.

Sew these two sets to the narrow ends of the base.

Now sew the broad sides to the base. Neatly and firmly stitch all the sides together to make the bag. Fold and stitch the open ends at the top.

### The handles

Pick up three long bits of cloth roughly measuring 30 cm. Sew them together at one end and plait them together into a tight braid. Stitch the other end. Make two braids of equal lengths and sew them to the bag as shown.



Do your bit for the environment. Give up plastic bags. Switch to jute and cloth bags.

9. Many herbs are used for making medicines which have no side-effects.
10. Carnivorous animals feed on herbivorous animals. It is only because of this the number of herbivorous animals is kept in check which would otherwise eat up all over plants and crops.
11. Bees provide us with honey and bee-wax.
12. Herbivorous animals eat plants. This checks wild growth.
13. People visit wildlife sanctuaries and other such places for recreation and relaxation.
14. Birds rest on the back of animals and pick out particles of dirt and insects which irritate the animal.
15. Trees also provide shelter to some wild animals like monkeys.
16. Many aquatic plants and animals live in ponds and rivers.
17. Ponds, like rivers, are also a source of water.
18. Seeds of plants are used for growing crops.
19. Leaves falling from trees are natural fertiliser for the soil.

20. Rain water which seeps into the ground can be dug out in the form of wells and used for irrigating fields.
21. Snakes and other reptiles and worms are eaten by such birds as peacocks.
22. Birds provide food in the form of eggs.
23. Small animals like squirrels eat nuts of fruits.
24. Household furniture is made of wood.
25. Clay is used for making pots and sculptures.
26. Sheep and goats are reared for their wool and milk.
27. Animals are also kept by people as pets.
28. Huts are built with clay bricks and wood (timber).
29. Stones are used for making various articles, for the household and decorative items.
30. Bamboo poles are used as pipelines for water and as supporting beams in buildings, etc.

Good show! Congratulations, Deepa and Rahima!



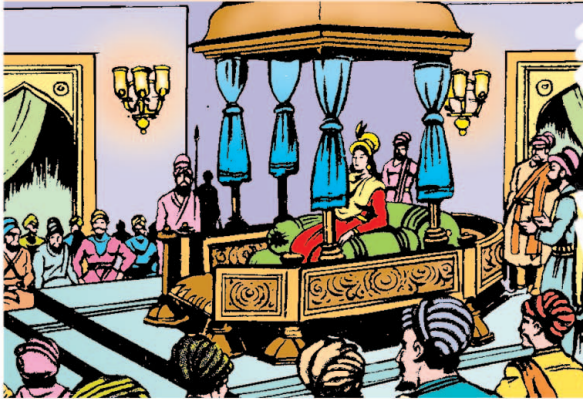


## Women who made history

## Sultana Raziya

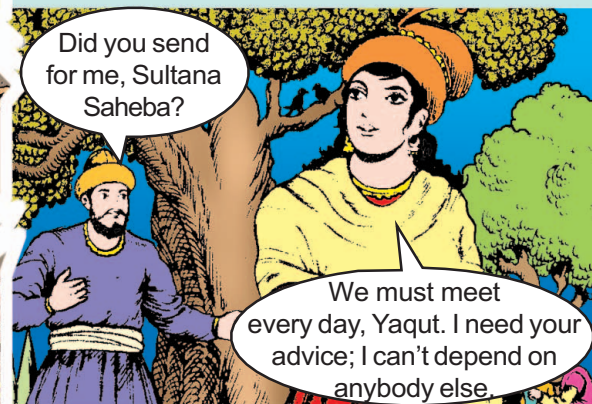
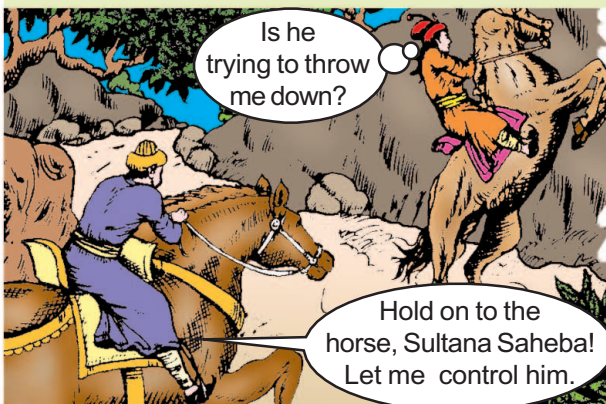
Itutmish, who had succeeded Kutbuddin Aibak as the ruler of Delhi, chose his daughter Raziya, instead of his wayward sons, as his successor. She was intelligent and capable.

Sultana Raziya was a brave woman. Often she would wear men's clothes and go for long rides. She endeared herself to the people with her just rule.



One day she was about to fall from her horse. An Abyssinian officer of her court, Yaqut, who was behind her, rushed to her rescue.

Raziya and Yaqut struck a friendship. Their meetings became frequent, raising jealousy among the other officers.



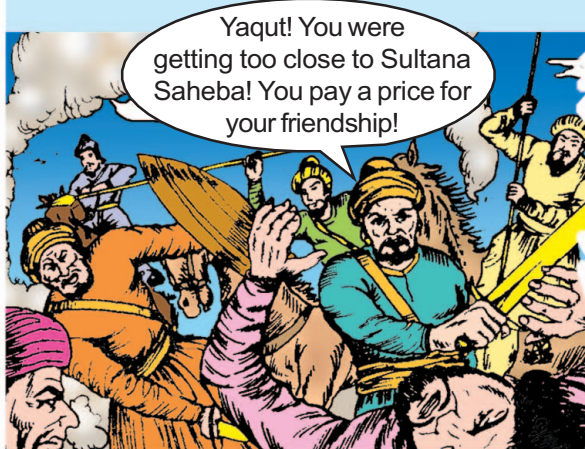
The powerful Turkish nobles hatched a conspiracy to overthrow Raziya. Some of her maids were clever. They gathered secret information.

Raziya made a sudden appearance and gave a surprise to the Turkish nobles.





Yaqut's house was raided. Before he could offer any resistance, he was killed.



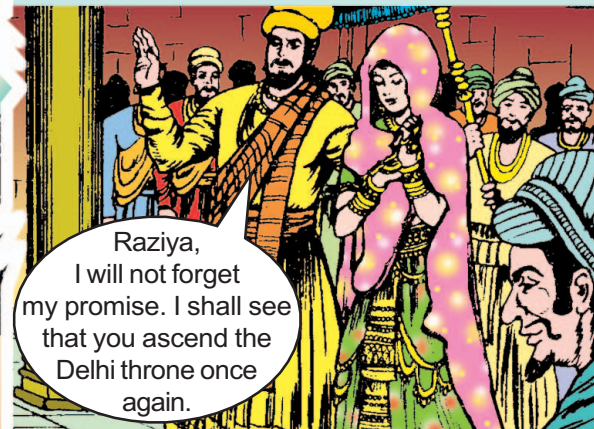
Sultana Raziya was taken prisoner and kept in captivity in a fort.



Raziya thought of ways to get past the nobles. She decided to take into confidence one of them.



Meanwhile one of Raziya's brothers had ascended the Delhi throne. Altumia managed to get Raziya released. They were married.



Altumia and Raziya raised an army and marched towards Delhi.

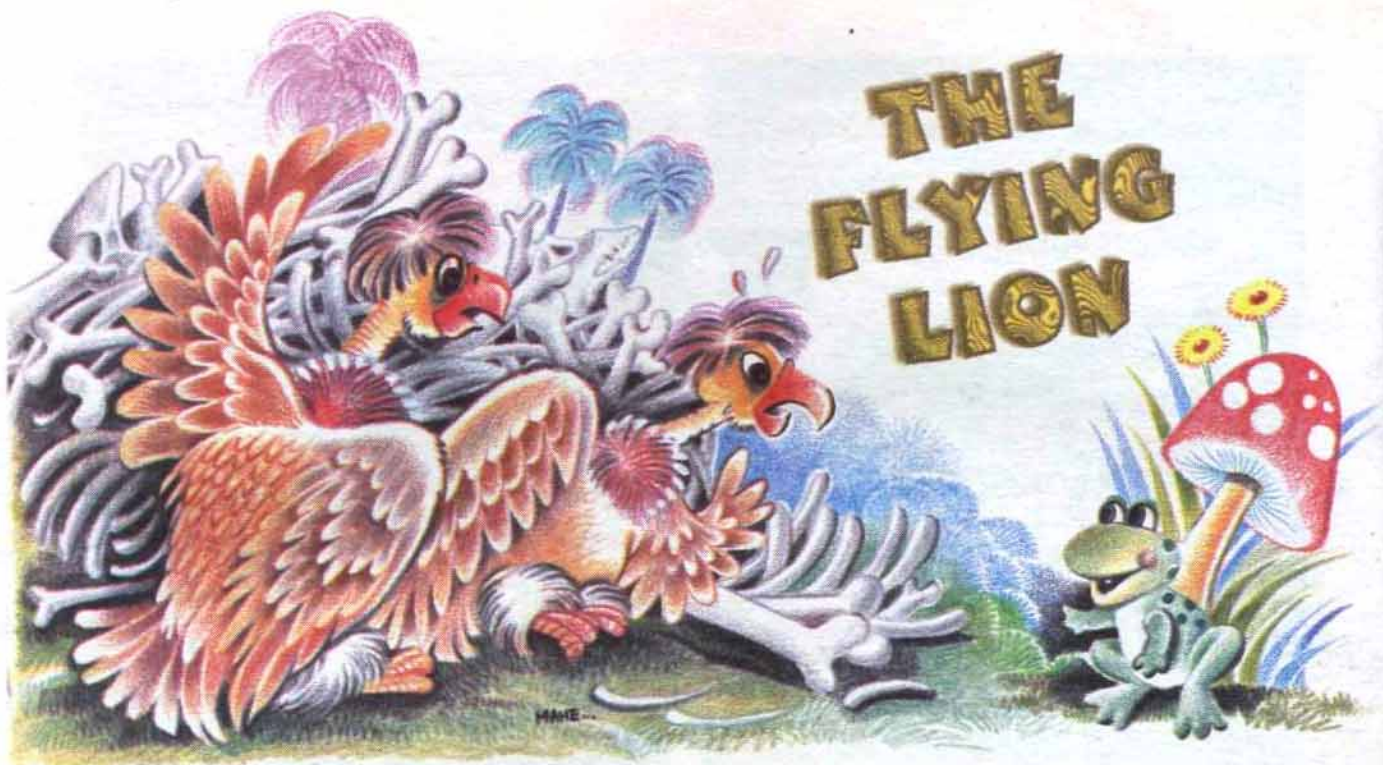


Luck was not on their side. The Turkish soldiers were better mobilised and they outnumbered the army of Altumia and Raziya. They fought bravely, but were captured, imprisoned, and then killed.



The End





**Y**ou'll probably laugh when someone tells you that once upon a time the majestic Simha, the king of the jungle, could fly. All the animals and birds of the jungle feared for their lives. No one was safe when Simha was around. "He always catches us unawares!" wailed Jinka the deer one day, when the animals were sharing their woes. "Yes, it's all because he is able to fly," added Thabel the rabbit mournfully. "Just last week he carried my cousin Roby away. He swooped down on him before we knew what was happening."

Simha in fact was very proud of his skill as a hunter. The best part of it all was that he did not have to struggle for his food like all other animals. He was held in such awe by all the animals that when he forced Joba and Jobi to become his slaves, the two vultures could not refuse him. They were given the job of guarding the monument Simha had built with the bones of the animals he had devoured!

This was no ordinary monument. It was where Simha hid the very precious bundle which held the secret to his powers of flight. It had to be carefully and zealously guarded.

In those days, vultures did not fly. They agreed to guard Simha's bone memorial, though it was a very boring task. One morning, after Simha left for his day's hunt, Joba and Jobi were sitting on guard. "Joba, I'm so bored.

I want to run away! Simha is unfair to force us to be his slaves!"

Joba said. "Oh no, Jobi, how can you have such thoughts? Don't you know that if you defy Simha, your bones will also be added to this monument?" Joba said sternly. And so they continued arguing.

All of a sudden, they heard the sound of falling bones. They scrambled around and were dismayed to see the monument of bones crashing to the ground. And they were astonished to see that it was Kappa the bullfrog who had caused this commotion. "Stop, Kappa! What are you doing? Do you want to die and have us killed as well?"

Joba and Jobi shouted in vain. Kappa did not stop until all the bones were either scattered or broken. "Why should we all live in fear of Simha?" he croaked. "If Simha is really so great, ask him to come and meet me at his drinking pool. I will wait for him there!" he said and jumped away.

Joba and Jobi were speechless for a while. They were afraid for their lives and at the same time amused at Kappa's imprudence. "So this foolish frog thinks he can face Simha by himself, does he?" said Joba, shaking his head sadly. He knew Kappa was sure to die when Simha found out what had happened. "First think about what will happen to us," said Jobi in a fit of fear.



Suddenly, Jobi's eyes fell on Simha's bundle of magical powers. "Joba, look! Come on, what are you waiting for?" he asked, as he hurriedly opened the bundle and started chomping the strange looking contents. Soon Joba joined him and between the two of them, they emptied the bundle in a few seconds!

"Now Simha will have no power over us, Joba. Look, I am flying!" Jobi cried excitedly as he lifted himself off the ground and flew upwards. Joba tried out his wings as well. He, too, could fly. Without another moment's hesitation, Joba and Jobi took off!

In the meanwhile, Simha was lying in wait to fly over his unsuspecting prey of the day. He watched silently and when the poor creature was close enough, he positioned himself for his usual flight. But alas! Try as he might, his feet would not lift off the ground. He realised with a shock that his power had disappeared. He rushed back to his lair, meaning to thrash the two useless guards. Imagine his surprise when he saw the ruined monument! And the vultures were nowhere to be seen. "Joba! Jobi! Where are you? Come here this minute!" Simha thundered.

Unexpectedly, he heard Joba's voice overhead. He looked up, amazed and saw them circling around in the sky. "What is the meaning of this? Come down, both of you. I've something to tell you!" Simha tried to con them into landing on the ground.

"Don't think we're so dumb, Simha! Won't you catch us and eat us up if we do? Anyway, we have a message for you from Kappa the bullfrog!" Jobi said.

"Yes," Joba continued. "Kappa was the one who brought your monument down. He said he would be waiting for you at your water pool!" So saying, the two vultures flew lazily away, knowing that Simha could now

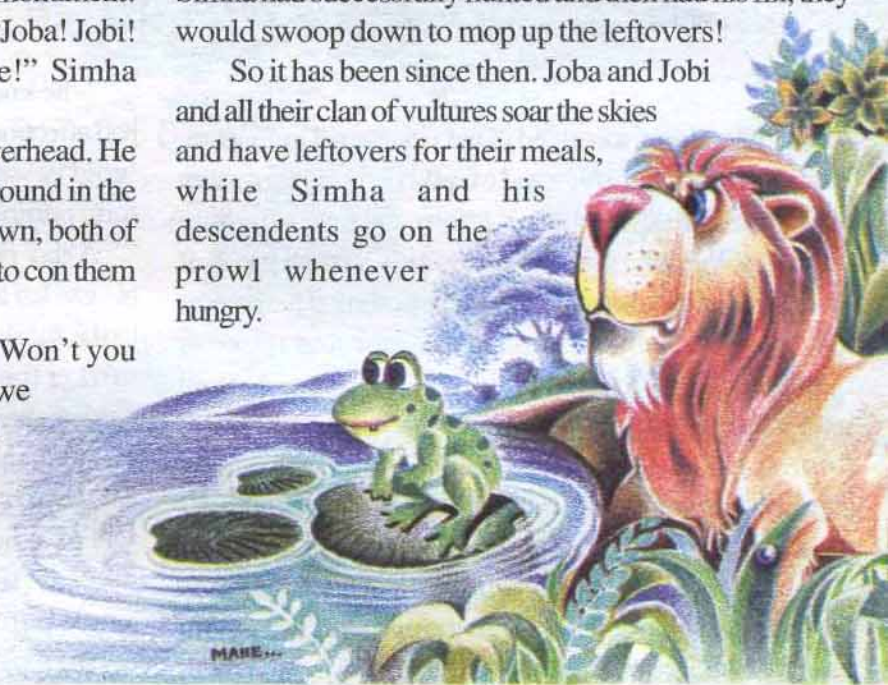
never catch them as long as they were in the air. Simha was furious. 'Kappa has had it!' he thought as he marched to his water pool. He saw the bullfrog sitting at the edge of the water. He slowly crept up behind him, intending to catch him unawares. But too late! Kappa saw his reflection in the pool and jumped to safety in the nick of time. Try as he might, Simha just couldn't catch Kappa. Eventually he became exhausted and slowly plodded back to his den.

"O, king of the forest, are you giving up so easily?" taunted Kappa. "Now that your magic is gone, you too must hunt like all other animals."

Simha knew that from then on, he too would have to search and work hard in order to find food.

Joba and Jobi, meanwhile, were exploring the skies. They dared not come on to the ground as they knew that Simha would never leave them alive if he got his hands on them. So what did they do for food? Well, whenever Simha had successfully hunted and then had his fill, they would swoop down to mop up the leftovers!

So it has been since then. Joba and Jobi and all their clan of vultures soar the skies and have leftovers for their meals, while Simha and his descendents go on the prowl whenever hungry.



## Twain and the typewriter

Typewriters are out and comps are in today. But there was a time when typewriters were in and handwritten manuscripts were on their way out. The first author in the world to submit a typewritten script to a publisher was Mark Twain, the creator of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.



# The pumpkin thief



**P**apanna, a simpleton, lived in the village of Timmapatti. He was adept in gardening and excelled in growing quality vegetables. He devoted all his efforts and time to nurture his plants. What he possessed was only a small patch of land, but that did not stop him from putting it to the best use. He gave each of his plants a name and spoke to them as if they were his children. The plants basked under his love and grew tall and sturdy. The vegetables from his garden fetched him good money in the weekly shandy. Papanna led a contented life with whatever income he got.

In Timmapatti lived another gardener named Gowrappa. He owned a large garden, but he did not have the knack or patience to maintain it properly. Though he was ambitious and wanted to earn lots of money, he was not willing to put in any effort. He was jealous of Papanna who earned well from his vegetables.

"Look at Papanna, he isn't as wealthy as you are; nor does he have a large garden. He isn't even educated, yet the vegetables he grows in his garden are far superior to yours in quality," Gowrappa's friends would tease him.

One season, the pumpkins in Papanna's garden grew extraordinarily big. No one had ever seen pumpkins so

full of flesh and pulp.

Papanna was very happy because he knew he could get a tidy amount for them. He had affectionate names for the pumpkins, like 'mammoth', 'gold vessel', 'big sister', and so on. There were some forty pumpkins in all in his garden.

A day prior to the village shandy, Papanna went to his garden and marked the ripe pumpkins he would take to the market. He planned to take the vegetables to the market the next morning. Somehow he felt his heart growing heavy. Selling the pumpkins was rather like giving away his children for a price. 'But it's my livelihood! How can I help it?' he appeared reconciled.

Early next morning Papanna took the cart to his garden. He had the shock of his life. There was not a single pumpkin on any of the creepers - they had all mysteriously disappeared. Papanna burst into tears. He felt he was going mad. He let out a tirade of curses on the wicked thieves who had ruined a fortune.

Suddenly a thought struck him. It would not be difficult to track the pumpkins, after all. All forty of them had disappeared in one go, and he was very sure he would find them in the shandy. Papanna jumped into his cart and drove to the market. He visited the vegetable stalls one after the other, and sure enough he found his pumpkins heaped up in one of them.



Papanna went up to the owner of the stall and started shouting at him. "You thief! Aren't you ashamed to steal my pumpkins and put them up for sale in my town?"

The owner of the stall was taken aback by this sudden accusation. "I never stole any pumpkins!" he protested. "I bought them from Gowrappa of your village after paying him Rs. 100. Don't you dare accuse me!"

A crowd had by then gathered near the stall. One of the onlookers told Papanna that Gowrappa was still somewhere in the shandy. "Wait, let's call Gowrappa here and resolve this issue," said the man.

Papanna went to the official in charge of the fair and complained to him about Gowrappa and his stolen pumpkins. He followed Papanna to the stall. Gowrappa was already there.

"Hey, mister, can you prove that these pumpkins are yours?" the officer asked Papanna.

"Wouldn't I know my pumpkins? I had watered them day after day with these hands. That is Mammoth, this is Lakshmi and the one over there is Golden Vessel." Papanna tenderly caressed each pumpkin as he spoke. The crowd laughed.

The official understood the villager's predicament. "I see that you are able to identify the pumpkins. But can you prove that they are yours? Unless you show me proof, I can't believe you," said the official. Papanna was helpless.

The official now turned to Gowrappa. "Papanna here accuses you of having stolen his pumpkins. What have you to say?"

"Oh no! The pumpkins are undoubtedly mine. I always keep an account of all the vegetables I grow and bring to the shandy. I shall show you my account book and prove that they are mine," said Gowrappa and he left the place.

Papanna's face lit up. "Sir," he told the official, "I,

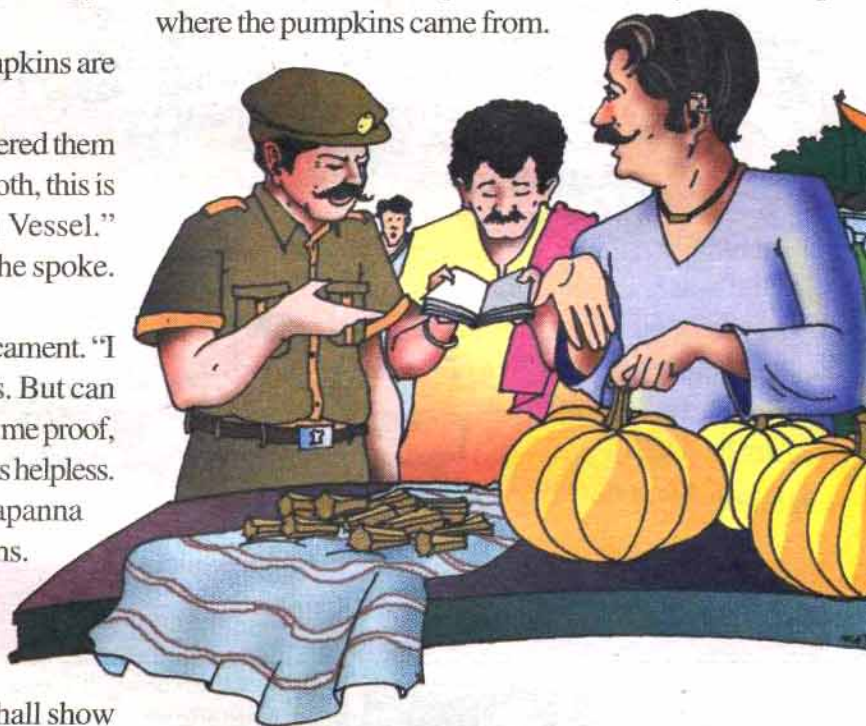
too, have something to prove that these pumpkins are truly mine. May I go and get it?"

The official sent his men along with the two of them. Gowrappa returned with his account book, while Papanna arrived with a cloth bundle in his hand. The officer looked into Gowrappa's book and found an entry for forty pumpkins that were brought to the shandy that day.

"What do you say, Papanna?" the officer enquired.

"This is my account book, sir," said Papanna. He then opened his cloth bundle and showed a collection of pumpkin stalks. He went to the stall and fitted each stalk to the head of the pumpkins. They matched perfectly.

The official was convinced. Papanna had proved his claim! It was such a simple but accurate way of showing where the pumpkins came from.



Gowrappa was made to pay the price of the pumpkins to Papanna. And poor Gowrappa, this one crime earned him a nickname – 'the pumpkin thief'.



"A man is not a horse just because he was born in a stable."  
- English proverb

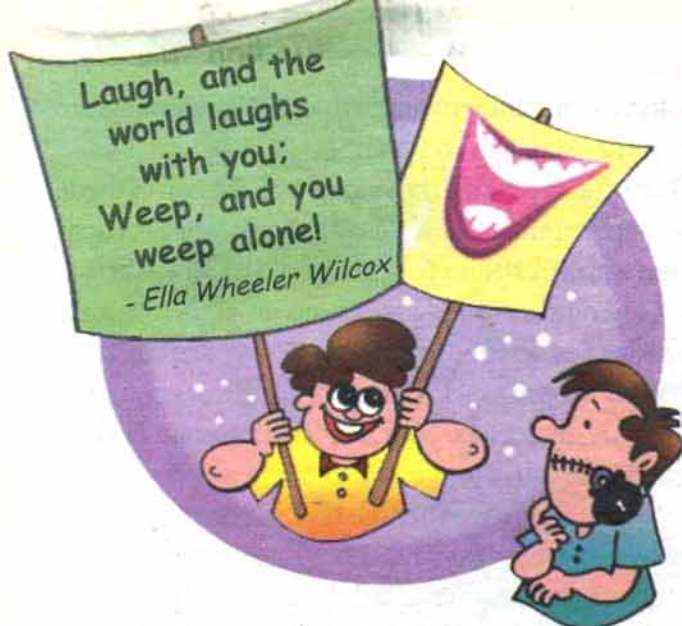
### PROVERBS FOR U!

"It is a great art to laugh at your own misfortune."

- Danish







# Laugh till you drop!

**Student:** Madam, I don't think I deserve a zero for this paper.

**Teacher:** You're right. But there aren't any lower marks that I can award you.



★★★

**House owner is showing the house to a prospective tenant. It is raining outside, and the roof leaks.**

"Does the water always come through the roof like this?"

"No, no! only when it rains."



★★★

**Old woman at the psychiatrist's office:** "I don't know why they made me come to you. I just happen to love idlis."

"I don't see anything wrong in that. I myself enjoy idlis."

"Oh really, then you must surely come home one day. I have loads and loads of them packed in boxes."



**Mother:** Nisha, run over and check how old Mrs. Varma is this morning.

**Nisha (returning in a few minutes):** She was pretty rude. She says it's none of your business.

**Mother:** What in the world did you ask her, Nisha?

**Nisha:** Didn't you tell me to ask her how old she was?

★★★

**Customer:** Waiter, I'm already late. Will the dosas be long?

**Waiter:** No sir, round!



## Dushtu Dattu

I got this great vase from Paris. Isn't it pretty? Very costly too!



So boring!

It's unbreakable! It's made of the latest synthetic material!



Unbreakable, aunty?

I'll show her!

O no, Dattu! There goes my beautiful vase!



You said it was unbreakable. But it is broken, aunty!



# Brains and Books

The quiz this month revolves round well-known personalities and places and institutions connected with education. September 5, as you all know, is observed as Teachers Day in honour of our former President of India, Dr.S.Radhakrishnan, who was born on that day.

Write down the answers on a sheet of paper, attach the coupon below (which is a **MUST**; photo copies will not be accepted); and mail it to us to reach us before the 20th.

**Important:** The contest is open to children between 5 and 15 years. The answers and names of the prize winners will appear in the issue after the next. The **first three** all correct entries will receive a copy of one of Chandamama's publications.

1. In Hindu mythology, who is the "teacher of the gods"?

- a) Sukracharya
- b) Dronacharya
- c) Brahaspati
- d) Veda Vyas

2. Which Indian scholar is credited with the calculation of the modern value of 'pi'?

- a) Arya Bhata
- b) Bhavabhuti
- c) Varahamihira
- d) Bhaskaracharya

3. What subject is associated with the Pusa Institute which is the popular name of a well-known institution?

- a) Astronomy
- b) Mathematics
- c) Agriculture
- d) Statistics

4. Which Indian astrophysicist founded the Institute of Nuclear Physics in Kolkata?

- a) Dr.Homi H.Bhabha
- b) Dr.Meghnad Saha
- c) Dr.Satish Dhawan
- d) Dr.K.Kasturirangan

5. This picture is that of the founder of a university in north India. Who is he? Name the university.



6. The former Thomson College of Engineering is now a well-known university. Which?

- a) Anna University
- b) Jadhavpur University
- c) Roorkee University
- d) Kakatiya University.

7. A famous research institution is located in Shimla. Which one?

- a) Indian Institute of Public Administration
- b) Indian Council of Agricultural Research
- c) Indian Institute of Advanced Studies
- d) Indian Veterinary Research Institute

8. Who would you associate with Anthropology in India?

- a) Dr.A.Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar
- b) Dr.L.K.Ananthakrishna Aiyar
- c) Dr.Amartya Sen
- d) Dr.Ashuthosh Mukherji

## Answers to July quiz

1. Edmund Hillary, 2. Banyan, 3. Shimla, 4. Godavari, 5. The India Gate in Delhi has no waterfront. The sea and the modern buildings are part of the familiar scenery at the Gateway of India in Mumbai, 6. A method of dyeing, 7. The Howrah Bridge across the Ganges, 8. Shimla, 9. Jamshedpur, 10. Grass.

*None of the entries we received had all correct answers. So, no prizes are awarded for the July Quiz.*

## Brains and Books (September)

Participant's name.....

Age ..... Class ..... School.....

Home address .....

.....PIN.....

Parent's signature

Participant's signature



# A GOODLY SPIRIT

On the outskirts of Shivpur village stood an old banyan tree. Many ghosts lived in its hollow trunk and huge branches. One day, a new ghost came there seeking shelter.

The chief ghosts curtly told him that he could not be put up there. "No vacancy. All the branches here are full," they said.

"There's not a single tree worthy of ghosts in the neighbourhood. Where do I go?" cried the new arrival on the verge of tears.

One elderly ghost was moved by its plight. "Why don't you live in the house of any one of the villagers?" it suggested.

"I've already tried that," replied the new ghost. "Don't you know how much the humans hate us? The moment they suspect our presence, they send for an exorcist. He will then recite hymns and create obnoxious smells and mercilessly drive us out!"

Bhola, a sprightly young ghost, was listening to this conversation quietly. Now he said suddenly, "To be frank, I've never lived with humans. So, I don't know what they do to us. Grandpa, let this guest occupy my branch. And let me go and have a taste of living amidst men."

Bhola then gave up his branch for the new ghost and chose the house of Shyamsunder, a wealthy merchant, to live in. Shyamsunder lived with his wife, two sons, their wives and children.

One day, Bhola perched himself on a tree in the open *maidan* in the village and watched Shyamsunder's grandchildren, Rahul and Vinay, play with other children. Suddenly a quarrel started. "You're worse than a ghost," shouted one of the boys at another.

This comment started off another argument. "Why do you have such a low opinion of ghosts? There are many ghosts that help human beings," observed Vinay.

"No, you're wrong, ghosts are always troublesome. They never help any of us. They are a nuisance!" said Rahul.

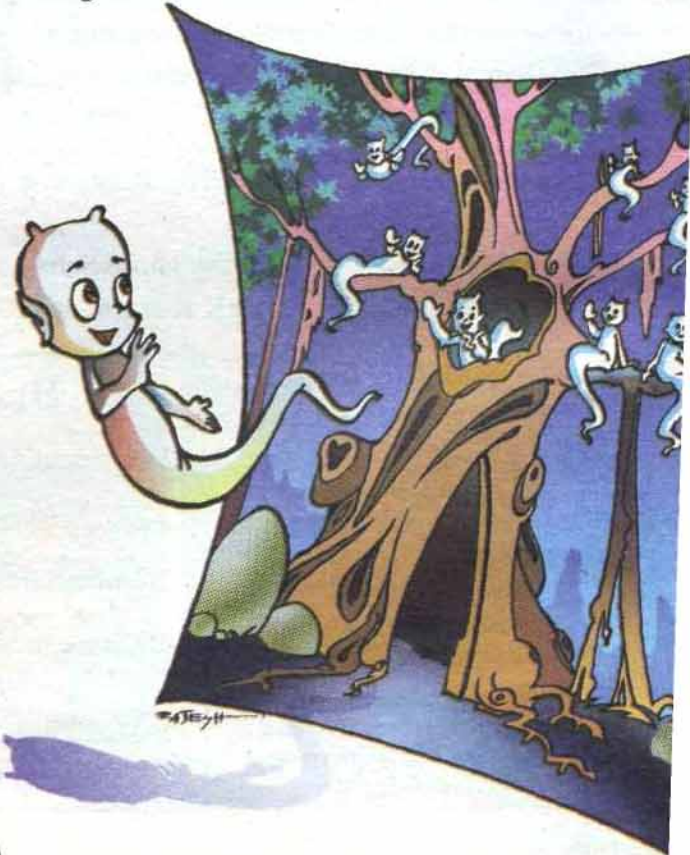
"How can you brand all ghosts as bad without any proof?" demanded Vinay.

The argument continued for some time. Rahul refused to accept Vinay's point of view. He said, "Let a ghost prove that it is good. Why don't you ask a ghost to clean and polish my white canvas shoes? Then I'll accept that there are good ghosts, too."

Bhola was excited when he heard this. He decided to earn a good name for his clan. "I'll clean his shoes and make him acknowledge that ghosts are good!"

He immediately floated back to the house and in a jiffy, cleaned Rahul's dirty white shoes.

When Rahul came home, he was surprised to see his canvas shoes a sparkling white. 'Mother or aunty must have done this. How sweet of them not to leave this boring task for me! I must thank them for this,' he thought. But when he asked the two women, both denied having cleaned his shoes.





This set Rahul thinking, 'How did my dirty shoes become clean?' And then a thought struck him. 'Could it be the work of a ghost that heard me throw a challenge today in the maidan?'

Rahul was a smart young lad. He realised that if it was really the work of a ghost, then it might still be around in the house. So he could, with a little trick, get it to do more work for him. He spoke aloud then: "This could not be the work of a ghost. Where would a ghost come from? I'll accept that it was indeed a ghost's doing if it does all my homework today."

Bhola, who was eagerly waiting for Rahul's reaction, was disappointed. "I thought that cleaning his dirty shoes would convince him. But he wants more proof."

But he decided to do all that Rahul had demanded. When Rahul went to have a wash before settling down to his homework, Bhola pulled out his schoolbag and hurriedly finished all the work.

Of course, his poor head pained when he did this as it had been a long while since he had done such heavy brainwork. But he finished everything successfully by the time Rahul came and opened his school bag.

Rahul had a shock. "Eeeeeeeeeek!" he shouted in terror. "There's a ghost in this house. Please send it away."

Shyamsunder and his sons heard his shriek and came running. "Grandpa, there's a ghost in this room. Send it away," repeated Rahul. He then narrated all that had happened, beginning with the argument in the maidan and ending with the ghostly homework!

The family was convinced that there was a ghost in the house. They immediately sent for an exorcist.

This upset Bhola. 'I've done all that the brat wanted a ghost to do and yet, these people are not grateful. They have sent for an exorcist. I hate all humans!' he burst out. He saw a bottle of sleeping pills nearby. He popped a handful into his mouth and soon passed out.

The exorcist arrived. He muttered terrifying words, recited hymns, chanted from the scriptures, and danced a bit, rolling his eyes frighteningly. Then he declared that the ghost had run away from the house. He pocketed a hefty fee and left.



Now hymns and chants affect ghosts only when they hear them. Bhola was in deep slumber when the exorcist was performing, so he did not hear anything. Naturally, none of these had any effect on him.

The family wanted to test whether the ghost had really left the house. They adopted Rahul's technique. Shyamsunder said loudly, "If the ghost is still here, let it fill all the buckets in the house with water from the well."

Just then Bhola woke up. He heard what had been said. He decided to fulfil this wish of the ungrateful family. In minutes, he had filled all the buckets with water.

The whole family was both astonished and frightened. They did not know what to do next. But Rahul was not afraid any longer. He had realised that it was a friendly ghost trying to help them and prove Vinay's point. He said, "This is a goodly spirit. It only helps us. Let him hang around."

The family accepted his suggestion.

Bhola now proudly went back to his house, the banyan tree, and boasted to the others. "You know, I'm no longer an ordinary ghost like you. I'm a goodly spirit. It is not easy to earn such a title from the humans. You must struggle hard to earn a name. But then once they're convinced, you can live with them forever!"

Grandpa ghost was impressed. He passed a resolution that all ghosts residing in the same tree for more than a hundred years must go and live with human beings and try to earn the title of "goodly spirit." And soon all the ghosts were seen in the villages of the district.





Wish Gajju was here to listen to this! He'd have been dumbfounded!



## Carillon

The carillon is a musical instrument. It consists of a set of bells that are tuned to the notes of a musical scale and can be played.

The word carillon came from the Latin *quadrillo*. In the 15<sup>th</sup> century, the *quadrillo* consisted of a set of four bells attached to the clocktowers in Holland, Belgium, and France. Over the years, the number of bells was increased, but the name carillon remained. Nowadays, a minimum of 25 bells are used in a carillon. When less than 25 bells are used, the instrument is called a chime.

The bells are hung in such a fashion that they remain stationary in tiers in a steel frame. The instrument must be hung on a high place, so that the sound can flow freely and can be heard to its best advantage.



## Chicle

Chicle is a milky substance that is obtained from the bark of the sapodilla tree. It is mainly used in the manufacture of chewing gum.

The sapodilla is a tropical evergreen tree. When its bark is cut, the chicle oozes out. It is collected and boiled until it thickens and then used in making chewing gum.

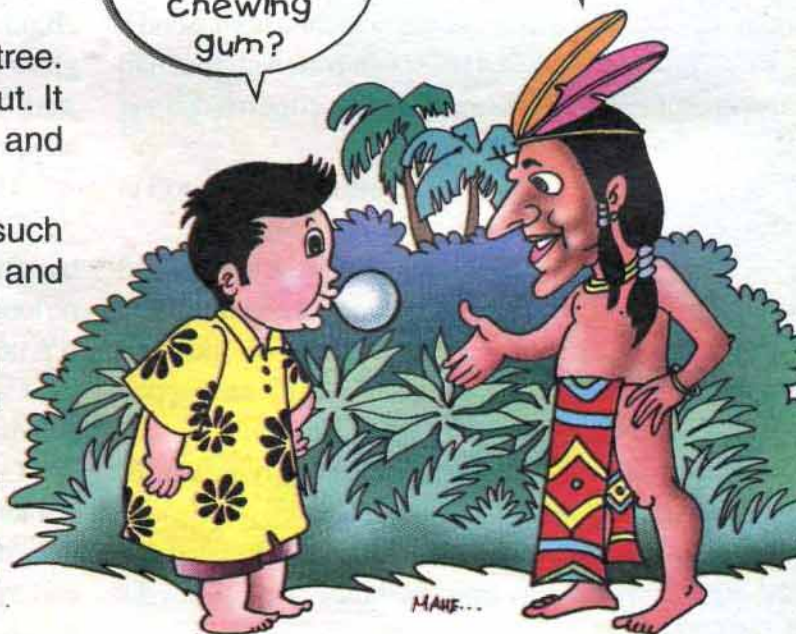
The sapodilla tree largely grows in such Central American countries as Mexico and Guatemala.

Chicle was introduced in America in 1866 by General Santa Ana and it was in great demand during the 1940s.

But now chicle has been replaced by synthetic substitutes in chewing gum. It is believed that the Mayan Indians (circa 300 B.C.) used to chew chicle.

Hey!  
Can you blow  
a bubble from  
chewing  
gum?

Pah, kid!  
My ancestors used  
to do that more than  
2,000 years ago!





# Cassiopeia



Cassiopeia is the name of the constellation or group of stars that looks like a W or an M in the sky. It is close to the North Star and can be seen in the northern parts of the world on most nights throughout the year. The 'W' of Cassiopeia is formed of five stars, which are not at equal distances from each other. Cassiopeia also includes a number of open clusters (loose, open group of related stars are known as clusters), but they are not visible to the naked eye. These clusters are relatively younger than the stars.

According to an interesting legend, Cassiopeia was the wife of King Cepheus of Ethiopia. They had a daughter called Andromeda. Cassiopeia was very beautiful and often bragged that she was more beautiful than even the sea-nymphs. The angry sea-nymphs complained to the God of Sea, who sent a sea monster to ravage the kingdom. Cepheus was asked to sacrifice his daughter, but she was saved by the valiant Perseus.

Cassiopeia found refuge in the sky. This made the sea-nymphs more angry and demanded that she be punished for her vanity. The gods then ordained that Cassiopeia would hang upside down for some hours of the night. And so the constellation looks like an M upside down.

## Activity

*Shown here are various things - and a famous scientist. All their names begin with the letter 'C'.*

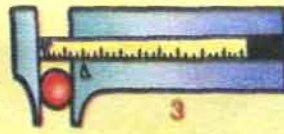
*Can you name them?*



1



2



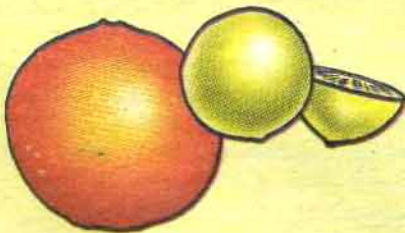
3



7



4



5



6



8

- 8. cactus.
- 7. copper wire.
- 6. coral.
- 5. citrus fruit.
- 4. Madame Curie.
- 3. caliper.
- 2. cartridge.
- 1. cerebrum.

Answer :



Enter the Heroes of India Quiz and win fabulous prizes

# Heroes of India - 12

Here are some of the leaders of our nationalist movement. Do you know them?

**Three  
all correct  
entries will  
receive bicycles  
as awards.\***



1

I exhorted Congressmen to renounce their jobs under the British government. I came to be called Sher-e-Punjab. Who am I?

2

I'm a revolutionary Tamil poet. My songs and poems glorified Mother India as Shakti. What is my name?

3

I edited a Marathi daily, 'Kesari'. I was deported by the British government to Mandalay in Burma for six years. Do you know me?

4

I started the Hindustan Socialist Republican Army. I was hanged along with comrades Rajguru and Sukhdeo in 1931. Who am I?

5

I used Satyagraha as a political weapon. That's a give away, isn't it? What is my name?

Fill in the blanks next to each question legibly. Which of these five is your favourite hero and why? Write 10 words on **My favourite national hero is**

Name of participant:.....

Age:.....Class:.....

Address:.....

Pin:.....Ph:.....

Signature of participant:.....

Signature of parent:.....

Please tear off the page and mail it to

**Heroes of India Quiz-12**

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED

No.82, Defence Officers Colony

Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.

On/before **October 5, 2002**

## Instructions

1. The contest is open to children in the age group 8-14 years.
2. \*Three winners will be selected for this contest from entries in all the language editions. **Winners will receive bicycles of appropriate size.** If there are more than one all correct entries, winners will be selected on the basis of the best description of **My favourite hero**.
3. The judges' decision will be final.
4. No correspondence will be entertained in this regard.
5. The winners will be intimated by post.

Prizes brought  
to you by





# WHEN THINGS GO AWRY!

★ **What is Murphy's Law? asks reader Jyotiranjana Biswal from Durgapur.**

It is also known as Sod's Law and states that the most inconvenient thing is the most likely to happen; or, if there is a possibility of something going wrong, it will certainly go wrong. Imagine a situation like this: the school anniversary was slated for September and the cultural programme included an enactment of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. A few days before the performance, the boy taking the role of Mark Antony lost one of his relatives and he had to stay back for ceremonies. Three days before the school day, during the rehearsal, the soothsayer in the play inadvertently said: "Beware the Ides of September", before correcting himself to March as in the play. The director wondered, would something go wrong? That evening, the boy taking the part of Caesar fell down from his bicycle and broke his leg which had to be put in plaster. The director called on him. Both had a good laugh when young "Caesar" muttered "Et tu bike!" The play had to be abandoned much to the disappointment of the cast, the director, and the principal, who cursed, "It must be Murphy's Law!"

★ **What is meant by 'a fly in the ointment'? queries reader Manoranjan Shah of Kota, Rajasthan.**

When a slight flaw corrupts something of value, it can cause a minor disadvantage when everything appears favourable. The cause of the disturbance is generally described as "a fly in the ointment". In the situation described above, the accident to "Caesar" was not a fly in the ointment, as it was not done deliberately. The bicycle developed a puncture and the boy was thrown off the vehicle, hurting him. However, had the boy, who was acting as Brutus, taken objection to his being called a 'brute' by his classmates, in imitation of Caesar's exclamation 'Et tu Brute', and had stayed out of the rehearsals, he could have become a fly in the ointment!

**FUN TIMES**  
**Answers**

**Arrow shadow**  
Shadow No.3

**Missing Fish**  
17 fish

**Spot 'em out !**

1. Lion's mane
2. Wings of the Bee
3. Bug's pattern
4. Elephant's eyebrow
5. Wolf's tail
6. Flower pot
7. Number of flowers
8. Caterpillar

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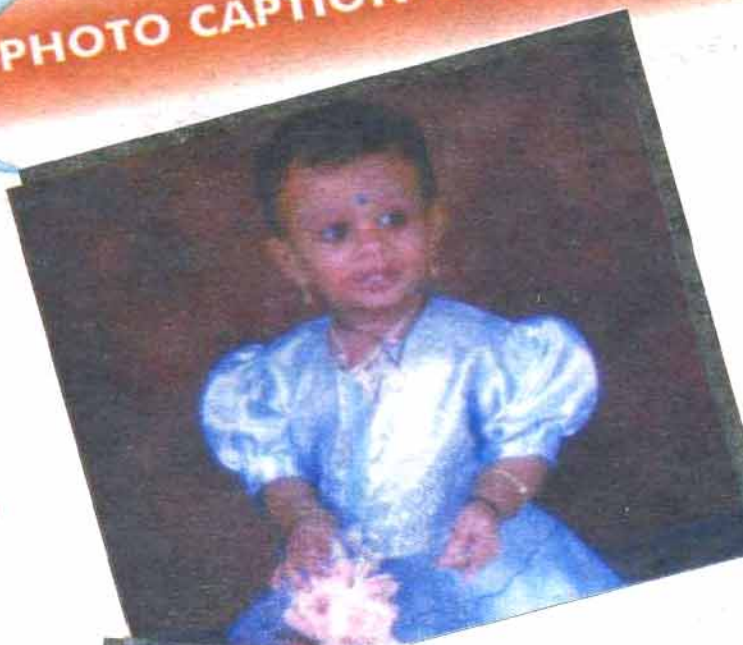
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pictures related to each other?*

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to reach us before the 20th of the current month. A  
reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will be  
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***Congratulations!***

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